

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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Catholic Digest

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The fire of God came not to burn, but to enlighten, not to consume, but to give light; and found the hearts of the disciples clean vessels. And He gave them the gifts of His grace, alleluia, alleluia. He found them one in love, and the overflowing grace of the Godhead shone through them. And He gave them the gifts of His grace, alleluia, alleluia.

From Matins of Thursday in the Octave of Pentecost.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right, all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling, virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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JUNE, 1946

Citizen

By PAUL GALLICO

But solid!

Sinatra

Condensed from

Liberty

EARLY LAST November students went out on strike at the Froebel High school in Gary, Ind. White boys were protesting presence of Negroes in their classes. Racial tension ran high and the strike threatened to spread to five other high schools in Gary. At the invitation of a parents' organization and the Youth Builders of America, Frank Sinatra, radio and movie singer, went to Gary at his own expense to persuade the youngsters to go back to school.

On Nov. 3, a brief Associated Press story appeared in the New York Herald Tribune, concluding paragraphs of which were: "Mayor Joseph Finerty told of a talk with Mr. Sinatra before the singer left the city. The mayor said he gave the singer a 'dressing down' for some of his remarks at the student meeting.

"The mayor said Mr. Sinatra had

indulged in 'some personalities.' He added that he had told Mr. Sinatra that although his motives

were appreciated, his remarks were 'most unfortunate,' and were 'a disservice to the cause and the community.'"

As an ex-newspaperman, I became curious about the remarks that caused the mayor to give Sinatra a "dressing down." I went after the information myself.

To appreciate the incident, you first have to know something about Sinatra. Not the Sinatra everyone knows, the wistful, anemic-looking crooner whose mooings into a microphone whip teenagers and bobby-soxers into frenzies of hysteria. I mean Citizen Sinatra, who is out in front to combat racial bigotry.

Sinatra believes in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights to the point where he goes out to fight

*37 W. 57th St., New York City, 19. April 13, 1946.

for them. He practices what he preaches. Here is a sample of what he preaches, taken from an address made before the World Youth rally:

"Kids normally like other kids. They get along pretty well together until some misguided parent finds out that her little boy is playing with another little boy named, maybe, Sammy Levine. So a couple of days later her little boy tells Sammy that they can't play together any more because his mother won't let him play with Jews. This is a terrible thing. What's pathetic about it is that it breaks up a kid friendship. Nobody's got any right to do that, because that's the kind of friendship that's important to the development of this country, one child's fondness for another.

"Look! The next time you hear anyone say there's no room in this country for foreigners, tell him you've got a big piece of news for him. Tell him that *everybody* in the U. S. is a foreigner. And that includes the American Indian, who originally came here from somewhere else. Now, this is our job, your job and my job and the job of generations growing up, to stamp out prejudices that are separating one group of U. S. citizens from another."

This knowledge might well have come to young Sinatra as a Hoboken school kid, when the Ku Klux Klan, vicious racket that made millions for the crooks who fattened on prejudice, came to New Jersey. He saw the fiery cross of intolerance-organized-for-profit burning against the night sky. And he went along with his father, then a

prizefighter who fought under the name of Marty O'Brien, and other American citizens, armed with baseball bats, to drive the klan out of that free little corner of the U. S. The kid learned something about getting out and fighting for the right.

The trip to Gary was another battle. Sinatra flew there, accompanied by his friend and manager, George Evans. Before he spoke to the 6,000 youngsters, he and Evans had put in much time investigating the strike, its apparent causes, and factors behind it. Furthermore, Frank attended a briefing luncheon given him by a selected group of students, at which no adults were present and during which he learned still more.

He learned that he was heading into a political as well as racial struggle, and that many local nationalities and "isms" were involved. And he further was led to believe that two adult politicians were behind the so-called schoolboy demonstration. The truth or falsity of those allegations lies buried in Gary. But Sinatra was sufficiently convinced by what he heard, or by proffered proofs, to make open attack upon those men a major portion of his address to the youngsters of Gary.

The mayor was sitting on the platform behind him when he gave his talk to the students of Gary's other high schools, telling them, "It isn't you kids who want this strike, because that isn't American. And Gary is American. People who have absolutely nothing to do with your strike have taken charge of it. What are you going

to do about it? Are you going to get the situation back into your hands?"

He spoke of the American way of equality for all. He told them, further, he had heard that only a few students from the struck school, Froebel High, were in the auditorium that night because of threats of bodily harm if they attended. "Since when do Americans yield to threats?" he asked.

After the meeting, the mayor angrily told Sinatra he had no right to accuse the men he named nor to say the things he did.

The bow-tie bantam bristled right back. "But I did say them, and I'm glad I said them. And I know what I was talking about. I've got plenty of information. Before I came here tonight I did enough investigating on my own. I said it and I'll go right on saying it, and no one is going to stop me."

Later, Sinatra and Evans went to the home of the 17-year-old Froebel High-school leader of the strike for segregation, to persuade him to change his attitude. Neither the youth's personality nor intelligence impressed Sinatra, and the meeting served only to confirm the singer's conviction that an adult group was sparking the demonstration. Nevertheless, since he had to fly to New York for a theatrical engagement, he invited the youth to come to New York with a member of his family, at Sinatra's expense, so they might have a further chance to talk. The boy never came.

Gary was in a seething turmoil after the affair, with Sinatra under attack

from many factions. His press in Gary and Chicago following the affair was not good. The strikers did not return, and his visit was pronounced a failure; much space was devoted to the mayor's condemnation. However, an important thing was accomplished: the strike did not spread to other schools.

Racial and religious discrimination is not confined to any one section of the country. It is a sucker racket operated by unscrupulous men for dollars or votes. Thus, Sinatra can make enemies anywhere and everywhere. "Love thy neighbor" can get lip service from most of us, but few who preach it militantly can retain universal popularity.

The media by which Sinatra earns a living are radio, stage, moving pictures, night clubs, and sale of records, all taxing in time and energy. In addition, he is a target for every drive, charity, or benefit that comes along, and you find him in all of them. Withal, he has found time and strength to earn eight awards, cups, plaques, and citations from enlightened educational groups for his work in combating racial hatred, bigotry, and intolerance. He has talked to dozens of youth congresses, rallies, forums; he will take the time and trouble to reason with just one kid who has a wrong slant. And he is just warming up to the fight.

Citizen Sinatra talks to the younger generation, but through them obliquely to their parents and the professional hatemongers who have done the damage, when he says in open meeting, addressing his bobby-sox fans: "What

a lot I didn't know when I was in school! I was getting a pushing around and didn't even know why. Me—the Brain! But now I know why, when I was going to school over in Jersey, a bunch of guys threw rocks at me and called me a little dago. I know a lot of things now. I know why they used to call the Jewish kids in the neighborhood 'kikes' and 'sheenies' and the colored kids 'niggers.' That was wrong. Because kids don't draw color lines; kids don't discriminate and hate. And if they don't do those things when they are very young, then somewhere along the line, in homes or on streets, at the hands of parents or professional baiters and haters, *someone teaches them something else.* You can fight hatred and discrimination in the street, classroom, and home if you know what

is fair and right, and speak out."

The coming generation is for Sinatra, some 2 million kids who belong to Sinatra fan clubs. Five years from now they will be voting. Another Bilbo or Rankin may arise to mouth "dago" and "kike," to swap hatred for votes from the bigoted, and it is hoped those voters will snow them under at the polls for talking heresy against a clean heart.

Decent, thinking people who love their country and the principles on which its government is founded are for him. And there are parents who are for him, too, men and women who have been shamed out of the mouths of their own youngsters, and who have begun to write him letters thanking him for the influence he has exerted over their children.



Eye Shutters

A group of men sat in the smoker of a Pullman as the train wormed its way through the outskirts of one of our larger industrial cities. The view was ugly and depressing. The tenements were filthy and crowded, hardly as comfortable as some of the barns in which the cattle were stabled just a few miles beyond the city limits.

One of the men in the smoker couldn't stand it any longer. He reached over abruptly and pulled down the shade, as though hoping to blot out even the memory of the unpleasant scene. "Why did you do that?" one of his companions asked. "Well, I just can't stand to look at all that misery and suffering. It depresses me," he said. "And, besides, there's nothing that I can do about it."

"But there is something that you can do about it," the other gentleman replied. "You can at least keep the shade up."

A Protestant minister quoted in *Catholic Action* (April, '46).

Ruthenian Martyrdom

By PETER KILCOYNE



Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

Uniates won't unite with Reds

WORD has come from Moscow that the Uniate Church of the eastern part of Poland has decided to break its centuries-old union with the Roman Catholic Church and return to the Russian Orthodox fold. Newspapers quoted a letter in which the Uniate Church Assembly informed Stalin of its decision to sever the Roman bond and expressed its joy at being reunited with the Russian Church. An uninformed person would suppose from this that the whole Uniate Church in this part of Europe had left Rome for Orthodoxy, and that this letter constituted a momentous historical event.

The popular mind thinks, or is being urged to think, that a separation has always existed between Russia and Rome. This is false. As true history proves, all the supposed enmity entertained toward Rome by early Russian Christian princes was invented many centuries later. No separation existed between the Eastern and Western churches in 988 when Vladimir was baptized and married the Greek princess, Anna. The division came in 1054 in Constantinople, and did not affect

Russia until several centuries later. In fact, Vladimir, through whose instrumentality the Russians were converted, is only one of the Russian saints honored by the Roman Church.

Separation from Rome came about slowly in Russia, almost involuntarily. Rather than being conspicuously willed by the people, it resulted principally from two factors: 1. the great distance between Russia and Rome in that day; 2. the despotic will of the Russian rulers, who forced the Church to be the docile instrument of their policy.

The split between Eastern and Western Christianity was not a liturgical matter. It was not even primarily a religious break, but chiefly a political one.

Among the Patriarchs of Byzantium were many holy men who fought against imperial usurpation of spiritual power; but ambition and their envy of the Pope caused others to be more docile to the temporal ruler. The emperor's encouragement of the weaknesses of the Patriarchs finally led to the split of Christendom. A serious rupture between East and West occurred in 863, but was soon healed. The

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. April, 1946.

final schism was occasioned by the formal excommunication, in the beautiful church of Santa Sophia, of Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, together with two of his prelates, on July 16, 1054, sometimes called the most calamitous date in Christian history. The excommunication was soon followed by establishment of a schismatic body known as the Eastern Orthodox church.

Consequences of the great schism were not only religious but political. The newly formed Eastern Orthodox church was naturally weakened by its break from Rome and inevitably became the instrument of imperial policy. As Toynbee, the famous English historian, put it: "The church became one of the departments of state in the Byzantine empire. This position was very dangerous for the religious life of the whole empire."

Under pressure of the Moslem world, rulers of Byzantium were forced to appeal to the Pope for help. Early in the 15th century negotiations between the Eastern and Western divisions of the Church were carried to the point of a reunion at a synod which met in Florence in 1439. After long discussion of certain questions of dogma and form, none of them serious, a reunion agreement was signed by the Orthodox ecclesiastical delegates, who knelt before the Pope to signify their obedience to him. As also agreed, common efforts to repulse the Moslems then got under way. The Mohammedan forces were at the very gates of Constantinople. This joint crusade was a failure. The Ortho-

dox, who had submitted to Rome largely in hope of obtaining military assistance, now repudiated their agreement. However, the Eastern Emperor still hoped to preserve the union and had it proclaimed officially in Santa Sophia. The people were roused to hostility, however, and his attempt was finally ended with the Easterners' terrible decision, "Rather the turban than the tiara." Two months later they had their preference: Mohammed II took Constantinople on May 29, 1453, and rode his horse up to the altar of Santa Sophia.

The history of the Russian schism followed a different course. The religious center from which Christianity spread over Russia was Kiev. After the invasion of the Tartars, early in the 13th century, a second center emerged, Moscow, built by the vassal princes of the Mongol rulers. Later Moscow became a czardom, while Kiev and all Ukraina became part of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth.

Overtures of the Latin Church toward reunion with Russia, during this time, were vehemently rejected. Although vague reference was made to "Latin teachings," the real reason was Russia's dislike for the western attempts to impose unity by force. She always suspected the Latin Church of territorial as well as spiritual aims. As the separation between Rome and Russia widened, Moscow princes profited by the breach to make the Russian Orthodox church an instrument of imperial policy.

Still, the idea of unity with Rome

was never completely lost, for Russia participated in the 1439 Council of Florence. The Metropolitan of all Russia, Isidor, was chief of a delegation of more than 100 Russians taking part. He was an enthusiastic supporter of reunion and signed the agreement, which was received with joy by the Pope. Isidor was made Cardinal and appointed Papal Legate to Russia, Poland, Lithuania, and Livonia.

When Cardinal Isidor returned to Moscow and proclaimed the reunion, Prince Vasili Vasilevitch, fearing the Church would become independent of his influence, had Isidor arrested and thrown into prison, hoping to induce the Cardinal to renounce the reunion. Isidor remained faithful to the Pope. Finally Vasili allowed him to escape to Rome. Thus it was a prince of Moscow who was responsible for the definitive break between Rome and the Russian Church. Neither the Russian people nor hierarchy were responsible; the fault lay with a despotic prince, acting from political motives.

The Church in the Ukraine, with its Metropolitan at Kiev, went a different way. Through its entrance into the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth in the 14th century, it came in touch with the whole western world and with Rome. The desire for reunion with the Holy See grew stronger, until finally in 1596 the Orthodox bishops of Ukraine severed relations with the Patriarch of Constantinople and reunited themselves with Rome. This was the so-called Union of Brest. Part of the Ukrainian population, also call-

ed Ruthenians, would not accept this reunion and fought the Uniates.

This Orthodox part soon became the instrument of Moscow policy, which had utilized it as a fifth column for political purposes, chief among which was destruction of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth. Many times, secret Moscow political agents, working especially among the illiterate Ukrainian masses, roused them against the Uniate clergy. They destroyed Uniate churches, killed Uniate and Catholic bishops. Among the martyrs of the Uniate Church are St. Josephat Kauntsevitch, assassinated in 1623, and the Jesuit missionary, St. Andreas Bobola. The Uniate Church developed freely within the Polish Commonwealth, increasing its churches and bishoprics, and its influence. Uniates had their own colleges, schools, and hierarchy; many of their priests studied in Rome. This happy period of the Uniate Church continued until the partition of Poland in 1772-1795.

Russia, meanwhile, had become a great imperial power. She always treated the Uniate Church as her natural enemy. When Catherine II finally took a large part of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, she abolished many Uniate dioceses. Orthodox priests collaborated with the czarist police in persecution of the Uniates. Finally, under the rule of a despotic czar in 1874, the Uniate Church was officially and forcibly suppressed, Episcopal sees were reduced, monasteries closed, the churches handed over to the Orthodox, Catholic Baptisms and marriages for-

bidden, and priests and bishops imprisoned. When in 1905 Nicholas II granted religious toleration, more than 300,000 Ukrainians returned to the Catholic fold.

The only part of the Ruthenian Church which survived persecution was that under Austrian rule, in the Polish province of Galicia. This section formed one ecclesiastical province of three dioceses, Lwow, Przemyśl, and Stanisławów, all in Eastern Galicia. There are also the so-called Podcarpathian Uniates, who have two dioceses, Mukachevo and Preslöv. After the defeat of the Austrian empire, Eastern Galicia came back to Poland, and the Carpathian Ukrainians were incorporated into Czechoslovakia. In the fall of 1939, Soviet Russia, without declaring war on Poland, and as agreed with Hitler, entered Eastern Galicia and made it by force part of the Soviet Union. The Yalta agreement later gave this eastern part of Poland to Russia. Thus, Russia took over the three Uniate dioceses of Galicia; by agreement with Czechoslovakia, she also took the Carpathian Uniates. So the whole Uniate Church in Eastern Europe is now under Russian domination.

Hitler began his military exploits under the banner of a crusade against communism, making capital of religious persecution in Russia. Stalin decided to reestablish the patriarchate, proclaimed freedom for the Orthodox church. This freedom is limited to the possibility of holding liturgical services in church buildings. The church has no influence other than liturgical in

the life of the people. It has no voice in education nor official matters, and is used only as an instrument of Russian imperialistic policy abroad. Stalin's newly created patriarchate sent its emissaries to every country. Among them was Metropolitan Alexis, who spent five months in the U. S. trying to subordinate the Russian Orthodox church here to Moscow's political domination.

The Patriarch in Moscow, acting according to instructions of the Soviet government, started to liquidate the Uniate Church. All Uniate bishops were arrested, and four of them have since died in prison. Hundreds of priests were deported to Russia. The religious and educational life of the Uniate Church was completely destroyed. The recent "Uniate Church Assembly" was convened by force. It had no authority. Only a few clergymen were involved, and no bishops. Naturally, the priests concerned, since they put themselves outside the Church, have been excommunicated. The three leaders were previous apostates.

The Uniate Church in Europe has its members in three countries: Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania. The majority are in Poland. In 1939 the Uniate Church in Poland had one archbishop, six bishops, 3,376 parishes, 2,568 clergy, 700 seminarians, 524 monks, 1,065 nuns, and 3,528,592 faithful. They had fully developed religious activities. In Lwow there was a Greek Catholic Theological academy, a kind of private Catholic university. The Uniates had numerous Catholic

newspapers and scientific publications, printing presses, and Catholic Action organizations. The Uniate Church has played an important role in the cultural life of the Ukrainians. Thanks to this Church, a discernible part of the Ukrainian people are united with western civilization.

The Uniate bishops were not only the religious leaders, but also national leaders of the Ukrainian people. Among the greatest of those bishops was Metropolitan Andrew Szeptycki, known as the father of his nation. He founded many institutions, not only religious but also social, economic, and scientific, and shared with his people the sufferings of persecution. He died in November, 1945; the circumstances surrounding his death are unknown.

In Czechoslovakia the Uniate Church has two dioceses, and faithful numbering half a million. They are mostly poor peasants, living under difficult conditions. Unfortunately, there were many political divisions among them, which gave the Russians, supported by Moscow, an opening for propaganda in favor of the Russian Orthodox church. When the Russian Army entered Czechoslovakia, the persecution of the Uniate Church began, and strong pressure was immediately put upon the Uniates to break away from Rome.

Today the whole Uniate Church in Poland is suffering the greatest persecution in its history. As Cardinal Tisserant, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Churches, said: "The policy of the Soviets aims

at the destruction of Catholicism, and this in open violation of one of the four principal freedoms. Since in Russia, practically speaking, no other Christian church is allowed except the Orthodox church of Moscow, the order of the day is that the Ruthenian Catholic Church must disappear. For Ruthenians the matter is reduced to the dilemma: schism or martyrdom; and martyrdom means arrest, deportation into Asia, prison, forced labor, and death. And since deportation is used especially against the clergy, one cannot say what will be the lot of the faithful who find themselves forcibly deprived of their pastors. Communist propagandists hold meetings in villages to urge Catholics to join the Orthodox church of Moscow, and equal pressure is coming to be used in regard to priests."

All reliable information from Eastern Europe indicates that the great majority of the Uniates, especially among the clergy, are standing firm in their faith, and shedding the blood of martyrdom from which the Church has always grown.

Most closely united with the Uniates in suffering are the American Uniates, who have ties of liturgy and kinship with this arm of the Church. Here in the U. S. there are two Uniate dioceses, having more than half a million Catholics. They have three bishops, and monasteries, schools, a press, and many organizations. Like their Eastern European brethren, they are also being subjected to Soviet overtures of false friendship.

The union goes to church

Nine Years OF ACTU

By JOHN C. CORT

Condensed from *America**

IN THE spring of 1937 there was a strike at the Woolworth stores in New York. Sarcastic comment was made on the contrast between the income of the Woolworth heiress and the meager pittance doled out to the sales-girls who made that income possible.

Barbara Hutton also had defenders. One society columnist made the point that all the Woolworth-Donahue-Huttons were charming people; that Miss Hutton had a heart of gold; and that she had, in fact, given \$11 million to charity. A few days later there appeared on the picket line outside the 14th St. store a sign: "Babs gave \$11,000,000 to charity, but the worker is not to receive as alms what is his due in justice."—Pope Pius XI."

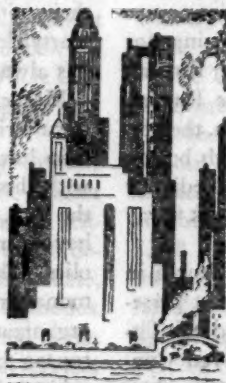
Thus did the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists make its debut in the American labor movement. It put the Pope on the picket line of a just strike.

The ACTU was born Feb. 27, 1937, in the kitchen of the *Catholic Worker* headquarters in New York City. Eleven laymen officiated, and if there was a chief of staff it was Martin Wersing, clerk in the Edison system, who had been leading the fight there for bona fide unionism. The others were utility workers, seamen, several carpenters, a garment worker, two journalists, a relief worker and an office worker.

From the beginning, the group was fortunate to have the spiritual direction of wise, witty Father John P. Monaghan. He made a point of giving full responsibility and initiative to the lay officers, refusing to dominate meetings or dictate decisions.

ACTU soon gained two valuable recruits: Edward Scully and George Donahue. Scully was a young lawyer who had already helped to build an important rank-and-file movement in several AFL teamster locals. He later became associate editor of ACTU's

paper, the *Labor Leader*, and head of the Catholic Labor Defense league, affiliated organization of lawyers who give time and talents to unions or unionists. Donahue had also won recognition as the leader of a group of AFL checkers trying to clean up one of the locals of Joe Ryan's longshoremen's union. He became president of the New York ACTU, editor of the



*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. April 6, 1946.

Labor Leader, and a vice-president of the retail clerks' union (CIO). (Since the war, the editor of the *Labor Leader* has been Roger Larkin, another Edison man, who has also served ably as executive secretary.)

Most of the ACTU leaders had read Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*, and were probably aware that the Holy Father had written that wherever Catholics belong to non-Catholic, or "neutral" unions, as in the U. S., "side by side with these unions there must always be associations which aim at giving their members a thorough religious and moral training." It would be a pious exaggeration, however, to say that they were motivated exclusively by a desire to put the Pope's demand into effect. It would be more accurate to say that they had seen, as the Holy Father had, how necessary trade unionism is, and how badly it needs trained, militant Christian leaders. They had seen in particular how in absence of such leadership racketeers, communists, or other undesirables can worm or bludgeon their way into control of unions and use them for their own unpleasant purposes.

They had seen, too, how indifferent were most Catholic union members: so large a percentage of the labor movement, and yet so impotent a force for Christian idealism; so ignorant of the social and economic dynamite within their own faith; so hungry for a leadership that would lift them out of their passive roles and show them how Catholics can build not only a new labor movement, but, indeed, a new world.

For many months the ACTU men argued out their program in those early meetings at the *Catholic Worker*. From Leo XIII, Pius XI, Msgr. John A. Ryan, and other Catholic authorities, they already had a program. It was simply a question of applying it to the American scene. As it finally emerged, it was probably the most extraordinary combination of radicalism, conservatism, and plain common sense ever seen in the American labor movement.

On the one hand, it said that "the worker has a right to: 1. a steady job; 2. a wage sufficient to support himself and family in reasonable comfort; 3. collective bargaining through union representatives freely chosen; 4. a share in the profits after a just wage and a just return to capital have been paid; 5. strike and picket peacefully for a just cause; 6. a just price for the goods he buys; 7. hours and working conditions suitable to human dignity and necessary for steady employment for all men."

On the other hand, it also admitted the inescapable fact that the worker has certain duties to himself, his fellow workers, and society. But even among the conservative reminders were radical challenges. "The worker," they said, "has an obligation to: 1. join a bona fide trade union; 2. strike only for just cause and after all other means have been exhausted; 3. refrain from violence; 4. respect property; 5. abide by agreements freely made; 6. enforce strict honesty and a square deal for everybody inside his union; 7. cooper-

ate with decent employers who respect his rights to bring about a peaceful solution of industrial war, by setting up guilds (vocational groups or industry councils) and producer cooperatives in which the worker shares as a partner in the ownership, management, or profits of the business in which he works."

Note in particular the last point. Based almost literally on *Quadragesimo Anno*, it concentrates in a few words the ACTU's goal of a Christian industry in a Christian economy in a Christian society, in which the worker, through his union and through his own direct share in ownership, shall have sufficient power over the machine to make of it not the tool of greed and destruction it so often is today, but a bulwark of security and an instrument toward that life of creative workmanship that is too often just a memory of the Middle Ages.

This was ACTU's economic program. ACTU also had a spiritual program, based on the conviction that all men are created to save their souls, to know and love and serve God as completely as possible. In fact, it is obvious that this was the foundation of everything else, for they knew that where there is no personal reform, there can certainly be no social reform. And from this realization came all the corporate Communion, the nocturnal adorations, retreats, holy hours, and days of recollection organized over the years. ACTU insisted loudly and repeatedly that Christianity and democracy are twin mockeries unless the Jew

enjoys equal justice, and equal charity, with the Gentile.

At first there was just a class on the labor encyclicals and the membership meetings. Then in January, 1938, with the assistance of the Jesuit Fathers of Fordham, its first Workers' School was opened in the Woolworth building. As with the host of other labor schools which the ACTU has run or assisted since then, the main subjects taught were labor ethics, labor history, labor law, parliamentary law, and public speaking. The object, of course, was to give each worker a knowledge of sound principles plus enough trade-union know-how to put those principles into action within his own union.

About the same time, the ACTU started publishing its lively paper, the *Labor Leader*, which now comes out every two weeks. But teaching and writing weren't enough.

ACTU set out to help workers and unions, to prove itself their friend. They helped unions organize the unorganized. They handed out leaflets, secured speakers (frequently priests) for union meetings, supported just strikes, got out on the picket lines, tried to throw their weight into every fight on the side of the oppressed. So, too, for the individual union member oppressed by racketeer or communist leadership; they tried to give him active and articulate assistance.

The war was hard on the New York ACTU. Many of its most able leaders went into the service. But the mother chapter has increased in strength and influence. Enjoying the support of Car-

dinal Spellman and unflagging cooperation of a score of devoted priests, it has more than doubled circulation of its paper and increased its activity in every field. Recently it turned out 2,500 trade unionists for a memorial Mass at St. Patrick's cathedral for "labor's heroic war dead."

Of the other chapters that have sprung up throughout the country, the most successful has been Detroit's, founded in July, 1938. With the generous assistance of Cardinal Mooney, and under the highly capable leadership of Paul Weber and Tom Doherty, it has grown into a powerful influence for good. Weber, a vice-president of the Michigan CIO, has done a remarkable job in building the chapter's weekly, the *Wage Earner*, into one of the best labor papers in the U. S.

Father Raymond Clancy, ACTU chaplain, is also head of the archdiocesan Labor institute and has organized 41 labor schools in the parishes of Detroit. The ACTU there has gone further than the New York group in its development of the conference technique within individual unions or union locals. The conference meetings include religious instruction by the conference chaplain, who is always present, talks on general labor problems, and discussion of the particular problems of the industry. As with the ACTU elsewhere, however, it is made clear that the conference must never lend itself to the charge of being simply "a Catholic faction" within the union, but must prove by word and act that it will cooperate with all men

of good will, of every race and creed, toward the objectives of honest, progressive union democracy.

In 1940, eight ACTU chapters sent delegates to its first national convention in Cleveland. Represented were New York, Detroit, Newark, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cleveland, Akron and Pontiac, Mich. A score of cardinals, archbishops, and bishops sent blessings, and Monsignor Ryan came from Washington to preach at a special Mass. Delegates drew up articles of federation, elected a national director, and decided that the New York chapter should house the national headquarters.

The next year an even larger convention was held in Pittsburgh. About this time, in addition to those named, there were units from Boston, Scranton, San Francisco, Seattle, and Ponca City, Okla. But then came Pearl Harbor. Losing their best leaders before they had even got on their feet, some of the chapters succumbed; others went into a state of suspended animation. The Chicago chapter transformed itself into the Chicago Labor alliance. It publishes a monthly, *Work*.

Now peace has returned, and with it nearly all missing ACTUists. ACTU will enjoy a fresh lease on life, enter a new, more active, and even more important phase. For there is certainly no question in the minds of leaders or members that the ACTU is profoundly necessary, is here to stay, and that realization of its program in the labor movement is peculiarly God's work and that He will prosper it.

Handwritten relics

Autograph Collector

By DOROTHY J. WILLMANN

Condensed from the *Queen's Work**



MARY BENJAMIN has become one of the most notable autograph dealers in the U. S. She is director of Walter R. Benjamin Autographs of New York City, and editor of the *Collector*, magazine for autograph and historical collectors.

Mary Benjamin is not concerned with autographs such as one acquires at conventions and schools of Catholic Action. The professional looks upon those John Henrys as beneath contempt. An autograph is the handwriting of a famous person. The signature itself is not so important.

On a wintry day in New York it seems a little incredible to be looking at letters written by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain; at original papal Bulls dating from the 16th century; at a paragraph by Paul Revere. Miss Benjamin's American files contain documents by all the signers of the Constitution; by our famous statesmen Clay and Webster; by Northern and Southern Civil War sympathizers. There is a letter Robert E. Lee wrote in farewell to his troops; autographs by Madison, Pierce, Monroe and all the other presidents. She owns a historic

collection of letters written by Cardinal Mercier to Brand Whitlock, U. S. Minister to Belgium, 1913-1922. The files are replete with valuable scientific documents and naval manuscripts as well as music scores and manuscripts.

Miss Benjamin is particularly interested in Catholic documents. Her personal collection dates back to an autograph sale at which a letter signed by St. Vincent de Paul was auctioned. It should have brought at least \$400, but the bidding was so casual that she got it for \$37.50. Though she was elated over this bargain, her Catholic pride was hurt by such indifference to a great Catholic autograph. She realized that such letters and manuscripts are relics of a deep character: they bear an immediate witness to the mind and will of the writer. Mary Benjamin prizes them with the same esteem and veneration that is given to other authentic relics of the saints. Perhaps she has a special interest in saints because of the five in her own family, including her uncle, St. Buonfiglio Monaldi, Abbot of the Servites of Mary.

After starting her collection with

*3742 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. April, 1946.

that letter of St. Vincent, she soon acquired autographs of St. Leonard of Port Maurice. Now she has manuscripts by Sts. Charles Borromeo, Robert Bellarmine, and Paul of the Cross. The Catholic great are there, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Pole. Her documents by Cardinal Pole were written to churchmen in Rome and tell how he was watched by spies of Henry VIII. She has a letter signed by Father Damien, a deed written by Charles Carroll of Carrollton. This collection, presented to Georgetown university, has been named the Talbot Collections.

Miss Benjamin says people's interest in autographs has a wide range. John Paul Jones is popular; one of his handwritten, signed letters is valued at \$1,000. A letter of Benjamin Franklin brought \$500. Edgar Allan Poe brings the highest price for American literary manuscripts; one commanded \$1,800. Probably the most dramatic work Miss Benjamin has handled is the pre-duel letters between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr (valued at \$15,000). Half of the drafts, from Burr to Hamilton, are now in possession of the New York Historical association. The others will be presented to it.

Miss Benjamin does not always follow others' tastes in autographs. Although she has been offered a document by Hitler and Himmler, a book written by Himmler, and many letters signed by Hitler, which GI's are bringing back, she rejects them all.

Autographs of governors, congressmen, senators, and movie stars have, as a general rule, little value. But let-

ters and other documents by presidents and generals are always in demand. Mr. Churchill is popular, and so is Franklin Roosevelt, though contemporaries usually bring little trading.

Walter Roman Benjamin, Mary's father, started the present business in 1887. He published the first trade paper of its kind in the country, the *Collector*. During his illness some years ago, Mary, one of five children, joined her father in the business. Upon his death she took over both the dealer business and editorship of the *Collector*. She has carried on out of her own keen interest in the work and because she believes that this is a wonderful field for a Catholic. "Too few Catholics," she maintains, "are interested in the cultural, historical, and scientific heritage which is theirs." She is author of *Autographs: A Key to Collecting*.

Only four concerns in the U. S. deal in autographs exclusively. The field is open to at least 100, Miss Benjamin believes. She offers a few suggestions to Catholics who might be interested in becoming collectors or dealers: "Develop a reading knowledge in a few languages [she speaks five]; serve an apprenticeship with one of the historical societies, or obtain experience in a book-auction house. Work in a large bookstore will give market sense and ideas of evaluation. During those years learn about inks, papers, and forgeries; study types of books and the preparation of manuscripts in different historical eras and in various countries. Then you will be adequately prepared to start a very lucrative business."

Pygmies of the New Hebrides

By WILLIAM BRYSON

Condensed from *Primitive Man**

The author, a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, made his observations of the Espiritu Santo pygmies during active war service. Half a century ago pygmies used to come from the hinterland to the coast on Malekula, the nearest large island to Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides, but by 1927 it was doubtful whether any of them were extant.



THE PYGMIES suddenly appeared while Navy cargo ships were unloading at Santos, on the island of Espiritu Santo, on March 30, 1943. They came from time to time until July, 1944. During the sporadic visits we were able to observe them at close range, but they were shy and we had no opportunity to obtain detailed information on their manner of life.

Father Alexis Jahan, Marist missionary at Luganville on Espiritu Santo, told us that he had not seen the pygmies for about 15 years. Their habitat is in the hinterland far back from the coast, beyond the second range of mountains. They had helped a couple of our fliers who had fallen in their territory to get back to the bomber strip at Santos.

Our pygmy visitors were all men or boys. We could not measure them as they would not allow us to touch them,

but we judged them to be around 4½ feet tall. They have well-formed bodies and hold themselves straight and upright without slouching. Neither their hair nor features seemed negroid to us. The hair was reddish, even the boys', and was apparently dyed. It was bobbed all around as if a

bowl had been put over the head and the hair cut below it. Skin color ranged from deep bronze to dark chocolate. Eyes were soft, and appeared coal black; noses were flat and short, but not of quite the same type as that of the larger Melanesian natives; cheekbones seemed a little high; teeth were ivory, not black, and seemed in fairly good condition. Their bodies glistened, though with no indication of having been oiled. We noted no body odor (this in contrast with the Melanesians with whom we were in contact), nor did we see any sign of the yaws, so common among Melanesians.

Their language differs from that of the Melanesian natives of Espiritu Santo, which they do not understand. But one of the Melanesians at the mission could at least make himself understood. In our presence the pygmies spoke rarely, grunted occasionally.

**Catholic Anthropological Conference, Catholic University of America, Washington, 17, D. C. Jan. and April, 1946.*

Their gardens, probably of taro, were visible from our planes. We were told that their diet is mostly vegetarian, and includes pineapples and breadfruit. When a wild boar is killed, it is shared with each member of the tribe. They also eat flying foxes. But our canned meat made them very ill.

They were continually chewing on young bamboo shoots. If we may judge from the fact that their teeth are not black, like those of the larger Melanesians, they do not chew betel. I gave one of them a cigar, and he tried to smoke it with the wrappings on. After I showed him how to smoke it, I could not tell whether he was pleased or displeased, for his face remained expressionless.

Although I did not see their dwellings, I learned they lived in huts of palm leaves and bamboo. The only clothing they wore when we saw them was a small piece of material about a foot square, woven from leaves, flexible but mat-like, which hung from a vine string about the waist. This fabric was red, dyed, we understood, with some kind of berry. They seemed to take very kindly to our red cloth and would do nearly anything to obtain a piece of it. When it rained, as it frequently did, they would use a banana leaf as umbrella.

Their weapons are knives and blowguns. The keen-edged metal knife blade, in an uncarved handle, is carried unsheathed in the waist string. The blowgun, five or six feet long, shoots poisoned darts. The darts, about four inches of sharp bamboo, are car-

ried in a little sack attached to the waist string in back. The poison is a mixture of venom of a small snake and juice from deadly red berries of an island bush. One of the pygmies gave me a dart, but I did not keep it.

The little men were neither friendly nor hostile, but did seem very curious. They would not allow us to take their pictures nor would they take us to their camp. The manner in which they would appear and disappear was almost uncanny. They moved quickly and silently, and their hearing seemed to be very acute. In a way, they seemed almost like children to us, but we were told that they can be deadly antagonists. We gave them cigarettes, cigars, pipes, tobacco, and shirts and shorts, but apart from a grunt they manifested no gratitude, except for the one who gave me the dart. I was told later that this particular gift indicated that the giver conceded I was a friend but was still one to be watched.

They did not appear to like the Melanesians at all, and the latter in turn seemed most fearful of the pygmies. The pygmies never had any pets with them. When pygmies came, the Melanesians' dogs would bristle and growl but would make no effort to attack them, as they would their masters or us.

In general, the pygmies never showed the slightest emotion about anything. I persuaded one of them to ride in my jeep, which he did. Then he suddenly bounded out of it and disappeared in the bush, and I never saw him again.

Your Blood Pressure

By O. A. BATTISTA

SIX HUNDRED thousand men and women will die from "essential hypertension" in the U.S. this year—twice as many as will die from cancer. In unmedical language, they will "drop dead" of heart failure.

The fact that high blood pressure and diseases of the heart associated with it produce so many deaths makes this subject of particular interest to everyone. That this stealthy master killer strikes so often is all the more reason to be on the lookout for it. As Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, the renowned heart specialist, has said, "It appears that death from any other cause than from cardiovascular ailments (heart diseases) or cancer will cease to be legitimate."

High blood pressure is not caused by having too much blood. Flushed complexions, faces marked by visible surface arteries, do not necessarily indicate high blood pressure. The skin is more likely shy on pigment so that nothing conceals veins or arteries. Old age by itself, overindulgence in red meat, salt, tobacco, or alcohol cannot be pinned down as specific causes of high blood pressure. The whole picture is far more complicated than that.

My own family physician tried to explain this medical will-o'-the-wisp to me. "Your heart is composed of tough

and very powerful muscle fibers, differing in structure from all other muscle cells in your body," he said. "They have to pump blood through millions of miles of minute capillary channels. These channels are the blood streams which carry the oxygen you breathe into your lungs to all parts of your body."

"Under normal conditions, nature arranges that the walls of the infinitesimal pipe lines are ingeniously lubricated. They are kept soft, smooth, and rubbery, so that your heart will have to do a minimum amount of work pumping oxygen-charged blood through a network of arteries, and oxygen-starved blood through a network of veins."

"No matter how scientifically you may try to live, your blood pipe lines will lose some of their elasticity as you grow older. The tiny capillaries will not get so much lubrication, and may finally become rougher and harder. These are normal processes of aging, effects as irreversible as time."

"But without causing pain, the capillaries may age much more rapidly than is normal. They may harden and become narrower. No one yet knows the whole story of this accelerated deterioration. It may come about over a period of five to 20 years, or even long-

er. When it does, the heart tries to continue sending enough oxygen-charged blood to all parts of the human machine. But it undertakes a losing struggle, fighting against ever-increasing pressures. Eventually the pressures may become great enough to cause the heart to swell, burst, or quit working in one way or another; or small blood clots may become lodged in the constricted capillaries of the brain, producing apoplexy or cerebral hemorrhage. In any case, another person drops dead from a 'heart attack' or 'high blood pressure.'"

The greatest danger from high blood pressure is that the constricting and hardening processes take place painlessly. That is why this treacherous disease strikes so often without warning. The late President Roosevelt was among the many victims fatally stricken while engaged in routine tasks.

One New York City heart specialist gave this answer when I asked him what medical science could explain about the causes of essential hypertension: "The mass of evidence tells us that persons most likely to succumb to this affliction are aggressive, highly emotional, ambitious, enthusiastic, and very energetic. They can't sit still and relax for even a half-hour; they must be doing something. Consequently, they tackle their work restlessly, without adequate physical or mental relaxation. They do good work, and get far in their fields—as long as they last. They usually blow up over minor delays or inconveniences. But they do not fear added responsibilities."

It has been known for some time that high blood pressure very often goes hand in hand with kidney trouble. Injured or inefficient kidneys are unable properly to dispose of amino acids produced by the breakdown of protein foods, like meat; as a result, so-called pressure amines may accumulate. Recent medical research points out that pressure amines, kidney trouble, and high blood pressure are interwoven.

For example, Drs. Henry Schwarz and William M. Ziegler have been working along this line of reasoning in recent months at the Philadelphia Institute for Medical Research. They decided to try heavy doses of vitamin K, the antibleeding vitamin, to combat high blood pressure. The harmful pressure amines are ordinarily taken care of by a quinone-type enzyme. Vitamin K is a quinone chemical. By administering vitamin K they have produced very successful results in retarding and reducing high blood pressure in rats. Promising as results are, it will take some time to determine if human beings will react as satisfactorily.

At Duke University in Durham, N. C., Dr. Walter Kempner attacked the problem of disposing of harmful pressure amines by dietary controls. He proposed a diet consisting primarily of rice, fruit juices, sugar, vitamins, and iron. His idea is that the amount of pressure amines which accumulate is proportional to the quantity of protein foods whose amino acids must be deaminated by the kidneys. Therefore, reduce the amount of protein the kid-

neys must handle, and you reduce the accumulation of high-blood-pressure-producing amines. Dr. Kempner says about 60% of his patients respond favorably to his diet, but emphasizes that it must be prescribed to meet the capacity of each patient. He also believes, together with many other doctors, that high blood pressure may be essentially a disease very similar to diabetes in some respects. Eventually, its real causes may be traced to the body's inability to manufacture a certain hormone or enzyme, in which event its treatment will become greatly simplified.

Dr. Arthur Grollman and his associates at Southwestern Medical college feel even more strongly on this point. Grollman believes that high blood pressure will eventually be checkmated and prevented by replacing an "incretory substance" which the kidneys stop manufacturing. This hormone would have to be taken for life, like insulin, but it would arrest the hardening of the arteries and lower the amount of work the heart muscles must cope with. Those same investigators have shown that a high salt diet aggravates high blood pressure in a small percentage of cases at least, because the sodium part of sodium chloride, or common salt, is detrimental, and the diets of some persons bring sodium into the body from sources other than the salt shaker.

Rutin is another hopeful product becoming available for the treatment of essential hypertension. Work on this approach has been done primarily

by Dr. James F. Gouch of the Eastern Regional Research Laboratories, and staff members of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia.

Rutin combats capillary fragility, a deterioration of the walls of blood vessels. It is very similar in nature to chemicals found in great abundance in corn, clover, or hops, and is produced commercially from flue-cured tobacco. According to Gouch, about eight pounds of rutin may be recovered from a ton of such tobacco leaves.

Dr. Irvine H. Page, of the Lilly Laboratory for Clinical Research, believes that a substance called angiotonin is released by the kidneys when the body's blood balance becomes upset in such a manner as to encourage hardening of the arteries. Dr. Page is discoverer of a kidney extract which has some remarkable cures to its credit. The extract, when injected into the blood stream, is believed capable of counteracting the deleterious effects of angiotonin.

Dr. Page has suggested the following symptoms as being indicative that your blood pressure may be going up: persistent headaches usually in the back of the head or in the area where the head and the neck meet; dizziness of the type which makes one feel the world is whirling about; nosebleeds; temporary disturbances such as numbness and tingling; fine hemorrhages in the retinal layers of the eyes; paralysis; loss of speech or vision. Real danger signs that the disease has been at work for some time are impairment of normal vision by blind spots, and hemor-

rhages in the eyes or in the kidneys.

Other doctors suggest that undue fatigue after exercising may be a clue to elusive high blood pressure. Too many persons, especially over 40, who become exhausted from a short climb or walk attribute their "short-windedness" to smoking too much or lack of sleep. In many instances, if they looked into their unexplainable fatigue with their physicians, the blame might be put where it belonged, on hardening of their arteries.

The treatments for so complicated an affliction as essential hypertension must vary from individual to individual. Comprehensive diagnosis by an experienced physician is essential. Extent of the damage done and duration of the hardening processes must be determined before drugs or surgery can be applied. The earlier the trouble is found, the better the chances for recovery. Physicians are equipped with painless instruments for measuring blood pressure; so a frequent check is advisable.

No sure-fire general chemical pre-

ventive or cure is yet in sight. Surgery should be relied upon only in most desperate cases. On the basis of my talks with many heart specialists and my own family doctor, I believe the following suggestions represent authoritative medical opinion on how to help reduce the ravages of high blood pressure: if you must exercise, do it in moderation; never overexert yourself for any reason, like running up a flight of stairs in two's; never work yourself to the point that you feel "exhausted"; rest or take a snooze at every opportunity; by all means eat lightly and hold your weight down; avoid purgatives; smoke and drink in moderation; avoid arguments, excessive salt in foods, turkish baths; control your temper. Train yourself to live a life of serenity. Never hurry.

If you follow these rules, your health will improve in many ways, and your blood pressure ought to keep normal. But if for any reason it doesn't, do not worry; just remember that people can and do live to an old age despite unusually high blood pressure.



In 1945 the U. S. A. lend-leased to Russia 632 steam locomotives, plus 6,854 trucks and buses; 2,422 freight cars; 5,572 motorcycles; 21 merchant vessels; 52,327 telephones; 534,000 truck tires; 2,400,000 barrels of gasoline.

Food gifts to Russia in 1945 included 310,000 pounds of meats; 106 million pounds of lard; 8½ million pounds of butter; 110 million pounds of sugar; 36 million pounds of vegetable oils.

Exports to Russia averaged \$293 million a month; imports from Russia, \$6 million a month.

Nation's Business (Dec. '45).

FAIR CHILDREN

By

SABRA HOLBROOK

Condensed from *Opportunity**

I KNOW a neighborhood where both colored and white people live. There is a roller-skating rink there which would naturally be frequented by all the children; but the proprietor decided only white children were to be admitted to his arena.

One Saturday a group of white and Negro children came to the rink together. The ticket girl called the manager, who said he was quite willing to admit all children but that the customers inside would complain. The white youngsters asked their Negro companions to wait for them outside for just a few minutes. Then they bought tickets, went inside, divided up the skaters among themselves, approached each one and said, "I have some friends outside I want to skate with. The manager said you won't like me to skate with my friends because they are Negro. Is that true?"

When every customer inside had acknowledged his good will, the white youngsters sought out the manager, one or two adult customers accompanying them, and told him the results of their inquiry, results to which he had to bow. The children brought their friends in. There was no further

race trouble at that skating rink.

Of course, the procedure had been carefully planned. The rink problem had been discussed in the children's class at school, and their teacher had given wise and careful guidance. The children decided what to do, and elect-

ed spokesmen. Originally, the children had been discussing discrimination; their teacher showed them how they could begin to change the national pattern by starting with their own neighborhood. That rink represented to the children a national arena, and in doing what they did they felt deeply

their individual importance as citizens. They know now that change is possible. What is more vital, they know *how* changes can be made.

Sometimes parents have to learn from their children. I know a neighborhood where daily street fights used to stop traffic. It was a bored neighborhood. Parents leaned out windows, encouraging children to "strampf" their opponents. They had ringside seats at the one exciting event of the day.

In this neighborhood in New York City all the citizens are Negroes. The children finally decided to stop brawling, pointing out to their parents that their neighborhood was getting a



*1133 Broadway, New York City, 10. April-June, 1946.

shameful reputation. Working with parents, again under the guidance of teachers, they were able to establish parent-student patrols, whose job was to stop rather than promote fights. This initial interest led to another, a campaign for sanitary garbage disposal.

Committees of children and grown-ups who worked together on those projects soon found other situations which could be improved: more recreation facilities were needed, more active parent associations in the schools, more courtesy and consideration among all.

What they get done is important. More important is the fact that they learn *how* to get jobs done, so that no one can say to them, "that's impossible"—and get away with it.

Implicit in this particular community situation is the problem of the ghetto. A ghetto is a neighborhood where people who haven't got much money (because society won't let them

make more money) live (because society won't let them live elsewhere).

Yet those who live in ghettos are part of society. As they acquire practice in solving problems in their own communities, they prepare themselves for the big problems: housing, education, employment.

Perhaps twice a week I am shocked by hearing the question, "What do Negroes want?" I don't know what Negroes want. Do you? I don't know what Caucasians want, or blue-eyed persons, or blondes.

I think I know, though, what the people want. I think they want security, physical and emotional. I think the people want to feel sure they can earn enough money to live in decent houses, eat good food, wear comfortable, attractive clothes, have some time for fun. I think the people want to love, and to be loved and recognized.

In an ideal democracy, the people matter, more than anything else.



Welfare workers report that when the children first came into the refugee centers in Germany they were frightened, timid, possessive. They rarely ate all the food served them at a meal, but secreted part of it in their sleeves and pockets, unable to grasp the idea that there would be more for them a few hours later.

In one center, a welfare worker says, the children clung quietly to one another the first few hours after they arrived, following the adults around with large, inquiring eyes.

Finally, one of the children asked, "What are we allowed to do?"

"Anything you want. This is your place," they were told.

"Will you smack us if we scream?"

"No, you can shout as much as you like."

The children started screaming and shouting and kept it up for two whole days. They did nothing but give vent to their pent-up misery. By the third day they had had enough and settled down to play like other children.

MASTER

By

EUGENIE GLUCKERT



Conqueror of the Tower of Babel

of Many TONGUES

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

SOME 2,796 languages, exclusive of minor dialects, are spoken today. Professor Mario Pei can identify about 250 of them by sight. He is also familiar with more than half the hundreds of dead languages.

This conqueror of the Tower of Babel is assistant professor of romance languages at Columbia University. To many he is known informally as the man who founded Columbia's unique, far-famed courses in *War and Peace Linguistics*, popularly referred to as U-21 and U-22R.

Robust, bald, fortyish and boyish, there's little of the proverbial fictional professor about Dr. Pei, yet he has the distinction of knowing more world languages than any other person. His linguistic ability has been of inestimable value to our country in war, victory, and peace.

Early in our highly specialized global conflict, it became apparent that men and might alone did not necessarily spell victory. Preparedness was the keynote; linguistics, its popular theme. German parachutists came down in Holland equipped not only with Dutch uniforms but also with a command of

the Dutch language. Disguised German motorcyclists swept across Belgium and France spreading disorder and panic in flawless French. English-speaking Japanese trapped many unsuspecting GI's into sudden death. The Axis countries were linguistically prepared.

In those dark days, only one member of General Eisenhower's immediate staff could speak French. The French, German and Italian that Ike's men so desperately needed were the very languages, registration figures indicated, most neglected by high-school pupils. In feverish haste the government appealed to Dr. Pei. His now famous *War and Peace* linguistic courses were the result.

The courses are extensive rather than intensive, aiming to acquaint the student with geographical distribution and main cultural features, both spoken and written, of the chief languages of the world. The courses were devised to meet the needs of the armed forces, Military and Naval Intelligence Personnel, Psychological Warfare specialists, AMGOT and MILGOV and government workers of the Censorship Bu-

*1615 Republic Street, Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. April, 1946.

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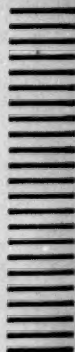
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reau, the OWI, OSS, and the FBI.

However, since their appeal was universal and because they were open to anyone, the courses soon attracted many refugees, missionaries, writers, radio announcers, foreign consular attachés and even a large number of nuns. One Sister who learned Polish under Dr. Pei now teaches a class in that language in her parish school.

One of the Doctor's most enthusiastic students is Assistant District Attorney Louis A. Pagnucco of New York City. The assistant D.A., in charge of all homicide cases, proudly credits his solution of many to his newly acquired linguistic prowess. Criminals wanted for murder speak freely among themselves, but in their mother tongue. Now the sleuthing D.A. just listens in while the unsuspecting culprits give themselves the third degree.

Although Dr. Pei's courses cover 50 languages, one actually needs only 11 to make himself understood around the world. "With a working knowledge of French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, and Japanese, plus a smattering of Arabic, Chinese, Malay, and Dutch, you can travel anywhere," Dr. Pei said. "No! No! Americans are not notoriously poor linguistic pupils. We have, I will admit, heretofore not been linguistically inclined. To us, in our generally closed sphere of social and business relations, English proved all-sufficient. We had no incentive other than purely cultural motives to learn a foreign language. Global warfare has changed that. So will the peace."

"Any American can master a foreign tongue. Mental or vocal gymnastics are not prerequisites. But an acute ear is. Language, remember, is both spoken and written. People learn to speak before they learn to write. The child learns its mother tongue by listening, imitation, and repetition. Only when the child attends school does he learn the written word, grammar, and spelling of the language he already speaks."

Dr. Pei planned his U-21 course on this basis of practical phonetics. A selected group of everyday phrases and expressions is studied, each pronounced over and over by representative native speakers and then repeated by the class. Thus the student's ear quickly detects the relationship between the spoken form and the written form in the textbook. This also gives the student some indication of the structure of the language, even before grammatical discussion.

Next, Dr. Pei imparts a minimum of basic grammar. In conclusion, a native speaker addresses the class, reads to the students, and finally engages them in elementary conversation.

Professor Pei freely injects transcripts of various biblical passages into his textbooks, to acquaint pupils with the visual differences and similarities of the languages they study. His use of the Bible rather than of the classics or purely elementary stock sentences frequently provokes the wrath of communistic, agnostic or blindly prejudiced educators. But Dr. Pei, a Catholic, says that the Bible is the world's most widely translated book and still

the finest example of the written word in any language, and backs up his statements with irrefutable evidence. Invariably his critics are silenced.

Chinese, although spoken by some 300 million persons, is perhaps the least-known language. Dr. Pei considers it also the most difficult. The Chinese system of writing contains no fewer than 3,000 commonly used characters which are combined to represent not sounds but individual words.

"We are accustomed when speaking to use high and low, rising and falling inflections of voice to express emphasis and indicate feeling," explained Dr. Pei. "The Chinese speak in *tones*. The system has four tones for each word. And each tone changes that word to another of entirely different meaning. An American soldier who wanted to buy a native coat got a caged tiger instead because he said *hsu* in the wrong tone."

Difficult as Chinese is, Dr. Pei is convinced it will soon become one of the world's most important languages. One of the world's three oldest, it is already in the international limelight. Dr. Pei further predicts that within a very few years Chinese, together with Russian, will be taught in our secondary schools, colleges, and universities.

Japanese is one of the easiest languages to master. Its construction is reminiscent of Latin. Japanese is also one of the world's most polite tongues. But when a Japanese says, "Glad to meet you," he is literally saying, "For the first time I have the honor to hang from your eye." [*Hajimete o me ni*

kakarimasu.] Otherwise, it's easy.

Malay is another easy tongue. There are no harsh sounds, endings, nor grammar. The Hawaiian alphabet contains no *B, D, F, G, J, R, S, T* or *Y*. Consequently, when a native says, "Merry Christmas," it sounds like "*Mele Kalikimaka*." February is pronounced *Pepeluai*, and August, *Aukake*.

India, with the world's largest population, has no national tongue. Its peoples speak more than 100 languages. Jews, with no nation, have three national languages, Hebrew, Yiddish and Sephardic. Switzerland, one of the world's smallest nations, has four national languages. Many other countries have two or three.

English, mother tongue of more than 200 million, is the most widespread language of all. It is one of the easiest to speak yet most difficult to write. This is because our spelling, unlike that of most other languages, is not phonetic.

Even in English-speaking countries, English-speaking visitors frequently find themselves misunderstood. When an Englishman says he saw a "girl with a ladder" he doesn't mean he saw an Amazon carrying a ladder. The girl has a stocking run. In England you don't ask for crackers; you ask for "biscuits." An Australian refers to his food as "tucker." If you speed, the cops won't nab you but the "johns" will. You don't eat candy in New Zealand; you eat "lollies." A conservative person in South Africa is a "dopper person." You don't do a day's work but

a "jig" in Canada, and you earn not dollar bills but "toadskins."

In English-speaking colonies you'll also encounter pidgin English. "Pidgin" is a Cantonese corruption of the English word *business*, Dr. Pei said, and originated in the South-China trade ports where a compromise language between natives and English-speaking traders was necessary. It is English adapted to native habits, thought, grammar, and pronunciation. The best is spoken in the Solomons and the New Hebrides. "Put clothes belong-a table" means, descriptively enough, "Set the table." Australian blackfellows call a train a "big-fella fire snake."

Difficult as it is to believe, Dr. Pei, international authority, editor, author, lecturer, educator and linguist, was once an immigrant who spoke no English until he was 7. He was born in Rome, baptized in St. Peter's. When he was 7, his father, a department-store proprietor, decided to come to America. In New York City the elder Pei obtained employment as a hotel waiter and the family settled down to its eventual Americanization.

Young Pei was sent to St. John the Evangelist parochial school. At graduation he walked off with all the honors, the Mooney medal for English composition, and two scholarships, one to Fordham Prep and one to St. Francis Xavier High. He chose Xavier. Here he also won top honors. Four years in a row he received first prize, not only for English but also for languages, mathematics, and science.

In his junior year at Xavier, having reached the ripe age of 17, Mario Pei began his teaching career, in his former grade school. Later, while working evenings for his degree at City College, he taught days at Regis High and Fordham Prep. He also taught at City College while still a pupil there. In 1932 Dr. Pei received his Ph.D. from Columbia, and five years later returned as a member of the faculty.

Recent years have been busy ones for Professor Pei. The OWI had him translate innumerable foreign-language broadcasts. For the coordinator of inter-American affairs he prepared a series of 52 outlines for teaching English to Latin-American speakers over local South and Central American radio stations. The series was also later adopted for French Equatorial Africa and Europe.

The Doctor has conducted intensive linguistic research for government bureaus. His language textbooks are now found in many schools. His book, *Languages for Peace and War*, is a best seller. Its name appears frequently in the *Congressional Record*.

Dr. Pei envisions an international tongue as the sole solution to political, economic, and linguistic imperialism, but not Esperanto, the only living international tongue, spoken by fewer than 20 million. "Rather we must have a tongue that can be spoken by all. Governments must appoint a commission of international linguists, who in turn must choose one language from the world's many to serve as an inter-language. The language selected must

go at once into every elementary school the world over. It must be imparted by natural methods from kindergarten on, side by side with the national tongue. It should not be treated as a 'foreign language.' Within 50 years,

at least in civilized countries, the person who is not equipped with the interlanguage will be a rarity.

"We must have a unified tongue if we are to have a unified world—if we would have permanent peace."



It Wasn't in the Script

Evenings at our 8th Air Force bomber base in England usually found most of the personnel at the post theater watching the latest available Hollywood effort. Thus, when someone was being sought, the first place to try was the movies. A name would be phoned to the projectionist, who would cut off the sound track and, while the film silently continued on the screen, page the desired person over a microphone plugged into the movie sound apparatus.

The system worked all right, but it gave the audience some very strange interludes. Soldiers who had mentally transported themselves thousands of miles back to the U. S. A. via cinema magic were jolted upright in their seats when somebody like Lana Turner would suddenly bawl masculinely into her lover's ear, "Call for Captain Jackson! Call for Captain Jackson!" Or when an Indian chief, about to lead a massacre in a horse opera, would turn to his eager warriors and remark, "Sgt.

Klein is wanted in the armament shop immediately!" Occasionally the projectionist would contribute a peculiar touch when he saw somebody lighting a cigarette in violation of the no-smoking regulation, like the time tiny Margaret O'Brien seemed to bellow from the screen, "You in front—douse that butt!"

The high spot in this bonus dialogue from the projection booth came one evening at the climax of a gangster picture in which the bad boys were being picked off one by one until the villain of the piece finally met his end. Going into his big death scene, the villain gazed about at the bodies of his henchmen and suddenly—in the voice of the projectionist—roared, "Call for Chaplain Reilly! Call for Chaplain Reilly!"

From the rear of the house a bored voice drawled, "Stay where you are, chaplain. You ain't gonna do them no good."

—CAPT. ARTHUR E. YOHALEM

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A plain-speaking soldier

Mr. Smith Goes to Moscow

By JOSEPH T. NOLAN

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

LT. GEN. WALTER Bedell Smith has lost one job after another simply by doing each so well that somebody else wants to hire him. His latest boss is Secretary of State Byrnes, and his new job, perhaps the toughest he ever tackled, U. S. Ambassador to Russia.

Like most Catholics, "Beedle" Smith believes Russia will have to be watched closely during the next decade. Unlike some, he is convinced that with a little patience the U.S. and the Soviet Union can get along in peace just as they did in war. This contention is based on the knowledge of Russian character he acquired in the European war theater while serving as General of the Army Eisenhower's chief of staff.

"In my dealings with Russian military men," he said, "I was particularly impressed not only by their ability but by their frank and straightforward attitude. Despite the language barrier, I believe we had reached an honest basis of mutual confidence and understanding."

"This was not always easy. The representatives of the Soviet Union and

ourselves are products of very different political ideologies. But although in tradition, outlook, and training their men were different from Americans, we were frequently struck by points of similarity. They have, for example, a direct manner of doing business which we like to think characteristic of Americans."

Plain speaking is one of the 50-year-old general's foremost qualities, and he outlined his policy toward Russia in a manner that left no room for doubt.

"The months and years ahead will be groping ones," he predicted. "There will inevitably be a period of negotiation and compromise. We, as Americans, are prepared to go a long way to meet our international associates; but at the same time we must be constantly aware of our own vital national interests in order to recognize the line beyond which compromise cannot go."

"We must expect this same attitude on the part of others. Russians are practical people. They have suffered greatly during the war years, and they are devoid of sentiment where the vi-

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. April, 1946.

tal interest of their country is involved. They do not enter lightly into important agreements. They are inclined to drive hard bargains, and they expect us to do the same. There is nothing to criticize in this. Each should support the interest of his own country when major issues are involved. But with honesty, frankness, and good will on both sides, there is no reason why satisfactory solutions cannot be worked out."

With those who misread petty difficulties as signs of insoluble problems, the new ambassador has little patience.

"It rests as much with us as with the Soviet Union," he explained, "how effectively our mutual policy of friendship is pursued. If we are sympathetic and generous, as we have always been, without being either unduly sentimental or hypocritical, if we are firm and honest without being stubborn, we should be able to face the future confident of the respect and cooperation of the Soviet Union."

Besides his plain talk, there are other things about General Smith that will interest the Russians. One is the fact that like most of their top leaders he is a self-made man, having risen from private to lieutenant general without benefit of the Military Academy or even college.

Born of German-American parents in Indianapolis, Ind., he went to work as soon as he finished high school. When the 1st World War began, Smith enlisted and won his commission at the Officers' Training School at Fort Benjamin Harrison in his native state.

Smith fought at Chateau-Thierry and in the third battle of the Marne, where he was wounded by shrapnel and where his unit won a citation for gallantry. So unusual was his war record that when his temporary commission expired he was appointed a first lieutenant in the regular Army, a surprise recognition that convinced him his career lay in professional soldiering.

Between the two wars, Smith, like most junior officers, made the Army's "Grand Tour," his orders taking him from Fort Sheridan, Ill., to Washington, the Philippines, Fort Benning, Ga., Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and back again to the nation's capital.

Friends remember him as a personable companion with an enthusiasm for chess and bridge, and a slight inferiority complex attributable perhaps to the fact that he was not a West Point man. The latter he overcame by studying war classics religiously until he knew them more thoroughly than most fellow officers. Because of the excellent record he made in the Army's special training schools, Smith was always in demand as a teacher.

At the time of the Pearl Harbor attack, he was secretary of the Army's General Staff in Washington with the rank of colonel. His first important war job was U. S. Secretary to the Combined Chiefs of Staff, and it became his task to sell the Allied military leaders, particularly the British, on the idea of U. S. war plans. Those who worked with him say Smith was a supersalesman with an uncanny ability to get along with everybody despite

his insistence on speaking his mind.

He did his job so well that in September, 1942, he was named chief of staff in the European theater of operations, where he remained through V-E day. His work won him a commendation from General Eisenhower as one of history's great chiefs of staff.

General Smith was one of the hardest-working officers in Europe, drawing up details for the greatest military operation of all time. Men had to be trained for amphibious operations; new equipment tested; air, sea, and ground forces coordinated with split-second timing; the weather conditions charted; enemy moves anticipated and countered. When General Eisenhower wanted to know anything, it was up to Smith to give him the answer. After Eisenhower decided on a definite plan, it was Smith's job to translate the blueprint into speedy, successful action, with maximum coordination among the five staff departments: operations and training, military intelligence, supply, personnel, and civil affairs.

If his work seldom made headlines, it did make him a host of admirers among the Allied nations. The Russians respected him, the French made him a commander of their *Légion d'Honneur*, King George VI of England created him Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and British General Montgomery openly admitted that he would like to steal him. The British thought so highly of him they insisted on hyphenating his name, "Bedell-Smith."

As General Eisenhower's chief of

staff, he signed the Italian surrender agreement of September, 1943, and was one of the Allied signers in the historic little red schoolhouse at Reims, France, when Germany capitulated May 6, 1945.

"The other fellows fought the battles," he kidded, "and I showed up just in time to get my autograph in the history books."

Always a soldier's soldier, "Beedle" Smith never had given much thought to being an ambassador. State Department assignments were notorious political plums, and Smith was not interested in politics. But when President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes began casting about worriedly for someone to carry out their tough-talking, plain-dealing policy toward the Soviet, their eyes fell on Smith, whom they promptly "borrowed" from the War Department.

The Russians are likely to find him, in the role of ambassador, a startling contrast to his predecessors in Moscow. They came to know Joseph E. Davies as a hale-fellow-well-met, and his successor W. Averell Harriman as a representative who could be trusted to see as little evil as possible. Both men, it is true, were handicapped by the policy of appeasement under which they had to work.

No such "soft-glove" policy will cramp Smith's style. He has the word of Secretary Byrnes that diplomatic tactics have undergone a change and that firmness will keynote future dealings between the U. S. and the Soviet. This firmness will not exclude com-

promise, according to Byrnes, but will rule out compromises and concessions merely for the purpose of agreement. Exorbitant Russian demands and expansionism no longer will have to be winked at, nor failures to live up to

agreements condoned, as in the past.

Those who know "Beedle" Smith have little doubt that he will be able to get along well in Moscow. But they know, too, that he will get along with the Russians on his own terms.



This Struck Me

The 19th century witnessed no more sensational conversion to Catholicism than that of the aloof Parisian, Huysmans (1848-1907), whose supercilious attitude to Christianity was ultimately subdued by the mute eloquence of our Lady in her Cathedral of Chartres. His many books tell, stage by stage, the painful story of his slow subjugation; and in the most powerful of them, The Cathedral, I was profoundly moved by this:*

Nowhere else was the Virgin so well cared for, so cherished, so emphatically proclaimed the absolute mistress of the realm thus offered to her; and one detail proved this. In every other cathedral, kings, saints, bishops and benefactors lay buried in the depths of the soil; not so at Chartres. Not a body had ever been buried there; this church had never been made a sarcophagus, because, as one of its historians—old Rouillard—says, "it has the pre-eminent distinction of being the couch or bed of the Virgin."

Thus it was her home; here she was supreme amid the court of her elect, watching over the sacramental Body of her Son in the sanctuary of the inmost chapel, where lamps were ever burning, guarding Him as she had done in His infancy; holding Him on her knee in every carving, every painted window; seen in every story of the building, between the ranks of saints, and sitting at last on a pillar, revealing herself to the poor and lowly, under the humble aspect of a sunburnt woman, scorched by the dog days, tanned by the wind and rain. Nay, she went lower still, down to the cellars of her palace, waiting in the crypt to give audience to the waverers, the timid souls who were abashed by the sunlit splendor of her court.

How completely does this sanctuary—where the sweet and awful presence is ever felt of the Child who never leaves His Mother—lift the spirit above all realities, into the secret rapture of pure beauty!

By Karl Huysmans. 1925. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London.
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comments as by the selection.

African Languages

By a WHITE FATHER

Condensed from the *White Fathers Missions**

IN DIVERSE TONGUES

AFRICAN Negroes, insofar as their languages are concerned, may be classified in three large groups, Negroid, Bantu, and Nilotic. The vernacular of each group must be subdivided into an enormous number of parent tongues, dialects, and subdialects. We must also reckon with the classified languages, the re-sounding idioms (which double the consonant and pronounce *herro* instead of *hero*) and even with whistled and chanted idioms.

In Western Africa one comes across a different variety of speech about every 25 miles. In one mission, the White Fathers must reckon with 15 dialects, each quite different from the others.

None has any resemblance to anything heard in civilized countries. The young missionary thinks he will never be able to master the variety of long, short, nasal, guttural, and chanted sounds. After a few months, however, he realizes that every dialect possesses well-defined grammatical rules, and that the African consistently uses the correct expression.

Some try to prove that all languages derive from a common origin, that all are related. This may be correct, but

only if the following rule is admitted. In the study of dialects, consider the vowels as of no account and the consonants as interchangeable letters!

I lived in the midst of a tribe speaking a language unknown to the civilized world. Not a native knew a word of a European language. I had to settle down and learn the native tongue.

The first clew I found to the classified languages was the personal pronoun, third person. I discovered that *wa* means *it* and *she*. One word I am sure of, I thought. So pointing out a hen strolling past my hut, I hastened to say *wa*. Protests were heard from all sides: I should have said *ka*. "What a dunce I am," I mused; "I must have used the wrong consonant. So *ka* be it." But when I applied the pronoun *ka* to the gentleman next to me, I thought he would annihilate me! When speaking of a man, the correct pronoun is *ko* and not *ka*. After a while I was absolutely bewildered.

Finally, I found that all nouns are classified according to endings in the singular number. Each class has its own plural ending and other characteristics. For instance, if a noun belongs to class *ka*, this particle *ka* must

*Alexandria Bay, N. Y. April, 1946.

be used to form the adjectives relating to the noun. For example, the following translation: the wall, *parek ka*; this wall, *parek kade*; that wall, *parek kala*; a wall, *parek kanyi*; which wall, *parek kana*.

All the Negroes can do is teach us the pronunciation. A written language does not exist. If you ask them how many words there are in the succession of sounds they have just pronounced, they will give no other answer than, "That's the correct way of saying it."

You may have learned quite a number of words and phrases of the native tongue without being able to make yourself understood, because you forget to accentuate the correct syllable, give the true sound to the vowel, lower or raise your pitch, pronounce through the nose. In fine, you have not discovered the genius of the idiom; you have not mastered the way the Africans conceive and express their thoughts. For instance: "I am hungry," "I am thirsty," "I am hot" must be translated, "Hunger, thirst, heat has me." "Come with me" becomes "Help me to come." "I am happy" is rendered by "My tummy is white and resplendent" or by "My tummy is moist and cool." So happiness is the "resplendence and coolness of the tummy." How do you expect the missionary to translate adequately, "Eternal bliss of heaven"?

Natives have few verbs expressing general ideas. A vowel placed after a consonant forms a verb which usually has only a specific meaning. Take, for example, the following combinations: *Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu; Ka, Ke, Ki, Ko,*

Ku; Na, Ne, Ni, No, Nu. I spare you the meaning of each of these verbs. Any general action must be rendered by a series of verbs indicating each successive move. To say, for instance, "Bring me some water," the phrasing, according to the genius of the language, runs thus, "Stand up, set out, go, draw water, put it on your head (in a jug), carry it, come, give me." In their own words, it is easy: "*Ya, ga, wa, pa na, gi, ta, gyam, te mo.*"

"I am thirsty" is an idiom meaning "I am asking your daughter's hand." When a young man has decided to marry, he calls on the parents of the beloved one. Once the lengthy greetings are over, the young suitor will say, "When a man is thirsty and finds that there is water in the neighborhood, he hastens to the spot because he is suffering. I am, at this very moment, suffering from thirst. I have questioned everybody, and now I know her name. That is the reason why my foot has crossed the threshold of your hut. I want to speak to you of my thirst. You may be one of those good souls who pity thirsty men." A long parley will ensue. If the lover is turned down, his friends, and soon the whole community, will ridicule him by singing to the accompaniment of flute and drum, "Advise him to go and drink at the creek."

The poor missionary preaching for the first time is bound to fall into errors. No one doing missionary work can boast of having gone through the ordeal without a few slips. A priest, placing the accent on the wrong vowel,

once said *leg* instead of *fault*, and wound up his sermon with a flourish. "Now that you have renounced paganism or intend to do so soon, it is high time you rid yourselves of your legs. We have no intention of forcing you to receive Baptism, but I remind you once again that if Easter finds you with your old legs, you won't be baptized."

Another, pronouncing *gyone* (short o) instead of *gyoone* (long o), was saying *to sin* instead of *to pray*. He solemnly entreated his listeners "to sin" in the morning, "to sin" at night, "to sin" before and after meals, and above all "to sin" during temptation!

But the most mortifying experience is to have a carefully prepared sermon in the native tongue appreciated in this fashion. "Next time, Father, please preach in our native language, for we don't understand a word of your white man's language."

In a rather short time (less than a year), the missionary is able to express himself in any dialect. Once he has grasped the African's way of thinking and thoroughly mastered one idiom, learning another is very easy. All the Negroes of Africa have the same way of conceiving and expressing their ideas. The only difference between the idioms is in the words used. To master these is but a matter of memory.

The Negro, as a rule, dislikes ab-

stract ideas. No African dialect I know of has words to express time, temperature, age, or virtue. But it is not impossible to express these ideas. To evangelize the tribes of Africa, the missionaries must coin new words—rather, create a language of worship, by giving a Christian meaning to pagan words. The same method was used during the apostolic age: words of pagan origin (such as *sacrament*, *grace*, *Eucharist*), were used by Christians to convey new ideas imparted to mankind by Revelation. How could you expect the Africans to understand, without a transposition, such expressions as *tower of ivory*, *gate of Heaven*, *valley of tears*? *Tower* is an unknown word to the Negro. One would have to say: a big house, a large high hut. Ivory, to him, is the substance of an elephant's tooth. Imagine, therefore, the following invocation to the blessed Virgin: "Large hut made of elephant's teeth, pray for us."

The Negro learns European languages easily enough, but he accuses us of speaking backwards. To say, "Two young men are sitting in the shade of a tree," he will reverse our grammatical construction and express the idea thus, "Men young two are sitting of the tree shade in." He contends that his way of constructing the sentence is more logical than ours. And he can prove it.



Chinese proverb: The highest charity is charity towards the uncharitable.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (9 March '46).

Listening Post in the

By F. JOSEPH VISINTAINER



PHILIPPINES

Condensed from QST*

WHEN THE Japanese occupied the Philippines, one of their first acts was to banish all radio antennas. Then all short-wave radios had to be changed to long-wave so that only local stations could be heard.

Some of the sets were reconverted, but doing this was risky, and radio servicemen were wary. Many, however, did go into the mountains and other places far from prowling Japanese and their spies.

There was no electricity in such out-of-the-way places. Storage batteries could be used, but only on sets built for or adapted to them. The trouble was that batteries needed recharging, and there was no fuel to charge them. Some tried to distill their own fuel—alcohol obtained from sugar cane or, more commonly, from coconut wine. But it was a long, difficult procedure, because of the lack of proper apparatus. The men made stills out of tin cans and copper tubing taken from old cars. In such crude retorts, nine times out of ten the water was distilled and the alcohol went out the wrong way.

Others, to charge their batteries by

hand, made crude contraptions with cartwheels and auto generators. These worked, but the task was too tiresome. Then waterwheels were tried. The wheels were installed in deep gorges of difficult accessibility. Batteries were carried to the charging place by men walking up or down the bed of the river from the nearest ford. But in the rainy season the rivers flooded so suddenly that there was no time to save the wheels and they were lost. A windmill would have answered the need nicely, but it would have been too conspicuous.

Then we thought of charcoal. Crude gas producers proved satisfactory, but we had to be cautious and use a good exhaust silencer; otherwise the military police would have been aroused.

At last the Japanese got so frantic about news coming in, despite their efforts to stop it, that they began looking for radios in every nook. Spies were busy, and with the soldiery and police scouring the country, some men got into trouble. Sets were seized and owners brought to military prisons from which they seldom, if ever, came out alive.

*38 La Salle Rd., W. Hartford, 7, Conn. April, 1946. By permission from QST, journal of amateur radio, published by American Radio Relay League.

Finally, a set I had made was discovered. In his fright, the owner told where the set had been made. It was his salvation. His inquisitors dropped everything, forgot even to arrest him, and came straight to Ibaan, where I was then residing. They were so angry, I feared my last hour was at hand. In fact, I thought the least they would do was shoot me. Luckily, it never came to that. I led them into my workshop and showed them everything. I tried to behave courteously, gave all the explanations they asked for. They found many things, but nothing incriminating.

Had I not built many short-wave sets? . . . Yes, I did build some short-wave sets, but it was long ago, before the prohibition. Did I not belong to the guerrillas? No. I did not; I was a priest, and priests are forbidden to take part in political issues. And besides, I was an Italian citizen.

While the search was going on I ordered my boy to prepare coffee. Japanese, as a rule, like coffee very much and, little by little, they cooled down, became almost courteous. Then they began to carry out all my things. They were about to take away a box of junk. I told them to take it all if they wished, but that I was sorry that there was nothing but junk. They set it down and inspected the contents, saw that I had told the truth, and left the boxes there. But they said they would be coming back again, and if I was found tinkering with radios it would be too bad. Did I understand? I did, and, of course, if I could help it, I would not

let them find me working on radios.

They took most of my things away, including the storage battery belonging to the church. Now I was shut off from the world. One of the sets they had taken had a secret contrivance built in, with which I could listen to San Francisco broadcasts. I would have to build myself another set. But where were the necessary materials? To buy them was not wise. I began rummaging in the junk. There were many things there that with a little patience could be fixed up. The following day I had enough parts repaired to make a little one-tube set. I could hear San Francisco, Sydney, and many other places very clearly.

People continued to come in for news as before, and the military police never found out. After some months, that is, in June, 1943, I was removed to San José. As there was a 32-volt plant operating for the church, I brought my radio along. There were many Japanese soldiers there. They had occupied all the principal buildings of the town and most of the rectory, and they had a lookout on the church roof. That complicated things considerably. Nevertheless, when at home I always listened regularly to San Francisco. It was very exciting. It was also sufficiently dangerous, because soldiers entered without knocking. But the people had to have their news. And news was becoming more and more interesting every day.

The Japanese knew this. What could they do next? They still had another trick in their bag. They seized all the

small electric plants. All the farm lights went out, and ours in San José were not excepted. I was in the dark again and all radios for miles around were silenced. The nearest receiver still operating was 30 miles away. In my situation only dry batteries or primary cells could be considered. Dry batteries had disappeared. Primary cells? I began to collect what was necessary. I found plenty of zinc. It was not pure, and I had not a single drop of mercury to amalgamate it, but it had to do. I found plenty of old flashlight cells, from which I took the carbon element. Next came the electrolyte. Ammonium chloride was nowhere to be found. If I could only prepare it myself! I found some ammonium sulfate, and lime and manganese ore. I had common salt and diluted sulphuric acid. I got plenty of calcium hypochlorite from the Japanese for latrines.

But I am not a chemist. I hoped to obtain ammonium chloride by mixing the hypochlorite with the sulfate. The result, I hoped, was to be insoluble calcium sulfate and soluble ammonium chloride, to be separated later by washing. The result—an explosion, embarrassing and loud, that rocked the rectory and filled the room with poisonous fumes. A hailstorm of Japanese soldiers poured down on me. When they tried to enter, they were hurled back by the gas. They shouted angrily. They would not believe that I was only trying an innocent experiment to get some plaster of Paris in a hurry, and that I had got a detonation instead. Maybe they thought I was manufactur-

ing explosives. To convince them, I had to repeat the experiment. The first detonation had left the jar intact. In it I again introduced the two ingredients, and put the jar outside in the open. The explosion did not keep us waiting. It was like a cannonade. When we went to look for the jar, it was not there, but we saw bits of it everywhere. The soldiers withdrew satisfied, or almost. After that, I do not know how many experiments I tried, but all to no avail.

Finally, I began to saturate water with ammonia and then introduce chlorine. By evaporating the mixture, I got my sal ammoniac. It was a long process. I had to make my own utensils, with old bottles and rubber hose and tin cans, and I never knew when the solution was neutral. At last, I had to look for the pots. They were of bamboo. I put together a 30-cell battery. Voltage was somewhat low, because, I suppose, of impurities in the zinc. The weakness could be remedied by adding more cells.

And now to look for a battery-operated tube. I knew where to borrow a 3Q5 and got it. I made the few necessary changes in wiring and when the hour came I was so thrilled to hear San Francisco again that I felt well repaid for all my risky work. The day was Dec. 26, 1944. It had taken me 35 days to get going again. The Americans had made big gains; liberation was near.

After the American landing in Lingayen, the San José garrison was sent north, and I was left alone. But on

Feb. 27, 1945, I was arrested and placed, for more than three hours, before a machine gun. I feared that my hour had come at last, but I was released once more. They had nothing on me so far. Radio and batteries were well concealed. To find them it was necessary to rip up the floor of my room, and they did not do it just then. By now the Americans were near Manila. Two days later I was again arrested in the country. This time I managed to escape from their very hands by jumping into a deep gorge, the almost perpendicular edges of which were covered with lacerating bushes.

On the evening of Feb. 13, 1945, while yet under the Japanese oppres-

sion, I listened for the last time to San Francisco—not because the Americans entered San José the following day, but because the Japanese military police had encircled the rectory and I was barely able to escape in my pajamas and without shoes. It was then that they discovered the batteries. They looked for me everywhere. Doors were smashed, cupboards and wardrobes broken into. But they did not find the radio, nor its owner!

After that, I deemed it best to go away. I knew the liberation was but a matter of days. I went into the hills and on March 14 I was happy to meet the first Americans; on the 30th I was able to return to San José. There I found my radio where I had left it.

What Do You Know About Symbols?



You have seen these signs and symbols every time you have attended a ceremony in church. How many can you recognize? What do they mean? If you recognize the symbolism of eight, you are up on your church symbolism. If you recognize the meaning of five, you are good; three is only fair. Answers on page 74.

Church and State in **RUSSIA**

By

NICHOLAS S. TIMASHEFF



Condensed chapter of a book*

IN 1922, a book appeared in Moscow entitled, *Truth About Religion in Russia*. In any country but Russia, publication of a similar book would not have astonished anybody. But in contemporary Russia it was a sensation. Had not the rulers of Russia prohibited reprinting the Bible and importing it from foreign countries? And now a beautifully printed, copiously illustrated book on religion appeared, comprising contributions of the highest dignitaries of the Russian Orthodox church, as well as a number of priests and laymen belonging partly to the cultural elite and partly to the rank-and-file believers. There is reason to believe that the book was printed on the presses of the Militant Godless Union. Together with the fact that the Union was ordered to protect religion against illegal interference on the part of the local authorities, this was the most challenging and ironical feature of the religious phase of the Great Retreat.

On the 25th anniversary of the October Revolution, Acting Patriarch Sergius "cordially congratulated Stalin, the God-given leader of the military and

cultural forces of the nation." The next year, congratulations came from Metropolitan Nicholas of Kiev. Meanwhile, Stalin used different opportunities to express his gratitude to priests for their outstanding help to the Red Army.

The improvement of the state-church relationship reached its climax when, on Sept. 5, 1943, "Stalin received Acting Patriarch Sergius, Metropolitan Alexei of Leningrad, and Metropolitan Nicholas of Kiev. During the reception, Metropolitan Sergius informed Stalin that leading circles of the Orthodox church intended to hold a council of bishops in the very near future and elect a patriarch. The head of the government expressed his sympathy with the decision and said the government would not hinder this in any way."

A few days later, 19 bishops convened in Moscow and unanimously elected Sergius Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia. On Sept. 12, he was officially installed. Before separating, the council addressed a message to the Soviet government, expressing the church's gratitude for the government's friendly attitude, and another message to all

*The Great Retreat. 1946. E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 4th Ave., New York City, 10.

church members, once more severely condemning all who would support Hitler and his armies.

The then Archbishop of York of the Church of England arrived in Moscow to visit the Russian hierarchy, and to invite a Russian church delegation to come to England. A few years earlier, an attempt of Russian church dignitaries to have any relations with foreign churchmen would have been condemned almost as an act of treason!

On Oct. 9, 1943, an order was issued creating a Council for Russian Orthodox Affairs to establish liaison between the Soviet government and the Patriarch of Moscow. On June 30, 1944, another council was established to conduct the state's relations with all the other religious groups represented among the Russian population. Creation of these councils discloses the emergence of an entirely new situation, namely, that of friendly cooperation between the state and the religious bodies, especially the Russian Orthodox church. This statement may be substantiated by reviewing the activities by which the church has helped the nation and the government in the struggle against the invader and by noting the rewards it has received from the government.

1. By constant prayers for victory, the church sustained and strengthened morale. Moreover, Sergius wrote several messages to pastors and churchgoers, calling on them to increase their efforts to aid the Army against the invader.

2. The church induced the flock to

collect money for direct help to the war effort. Just a few days before the election, Sergius announced that the church had contributed more than 8 million rubles for the building of the Dmitri Donskoy tank column, and that priests and laity had also donated millions of rubles for aircraft squadrons and relief of wounded and orphans.

3. The Patriarch used the authority of the church to prohibit collaboration with Hitler in German-occupied provinces. On many occasions he solemnly condemned bishops and priests who had accepted Hitler's lie that his invasion was a crusade.

4. The Patriarch helped stir up resistance to the Germans in non-Russian territories where Russian influence was strong. In an Easter message "to all Christians of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Greece, and others of the Orthodox faith languishing in fascist captivity," he said, "Our Orthodox church is marching side by side with the people. In all churches of the Soviet Union prayers are offered for victory, and collections are made for needs created by the war. Let the lamp of Orthodoxy burn still more brightly before you. The conscience of every sincere Slav and Greek dictates that he shall seek every way to evade working for Germany. May God strengthen our fraternal union."

In this instance Sergius could not but use the radio, controlled by the government. This shows that the government appreciated church support. A similar situation developed at the

All-Slavic Congress in Moscow in 1943. Metropolitan Nicholas was present, accompanied by six bishops. He gave an address stressing the duty of every Christian to fight fascists. Since he could not have appeared without the permission of the government, it is obvious that the latter was eager to use the authority of the Russian church among peoples of the Balkans and the Danubian basin.

Sergius displayed willingness to support the government in its sometimes difficult relations with the Allies. Shortly before his election, he made the following statement: "I am not a military man, but it seems to me that the time for the complete annihilation of Hitler has arrived. I refuse to believe that the mothers of American and British soldiers want this war to drag on. We Russians are the world's most patient people, but the end of our patience is overflowing."

This statement was in support of the Russian demand for a second front and it somewhat embarrassed the Western Allies, who were not yet prepared. The visit of the Archbishop of York was arranged in a manner which could not fail to convince him of cordial relations between state and church in Russia. It helped dissipate fears and objections among Anglicans against close collaboration with Russia.

Services rendered by the Russian church to the nation and government have been substantial indeed. The main reward has been official recognition of the church and permission to elect a patriarch. Another is mentioned

in a letter written by Patriarch Sergius in November, 1943: "We have moved to a new residence given us by the government, the former German embassy. It is a luxurious residence, and we understand that the gift is a sign of the benevolence of the government, a reward for the church's conduct in the course of the war."

The new status of the church has been well manifested. On May 15, 1944, the death of Sergius, Russian Orthodox Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia, was reported. A few days later Metropolitan Alexei of Leningrad, fulfilling the last will of the late Patriarch, became Acting Patriarch, in expectation of the convocation of the church council, which had to elect a new patriarch. In accepting his appointment, the Metropolitan addressed a warm, personal letter to Stalin, whom he called "Dear Joseph Vissarionovich," and described him as "the wise leader placed by the Lord over our great nation." The new Acting Patriarch promised to follow the same principles as the deceased Patriarch, and defined them as compliance with canonical rules and loyalty to the fatherland and to its government headed by Stalin. At the Patriarch's funeral, a high-ranking official represented the Soviet government.

To elect a successor to the deceased, a National Council of the Russian Orthodox church was permitted to convene in Moscow, Jan. 31, 1945. The 40-odd bishops were present as well as numerous delegates from the dioceses, both priests and laymen. The meeting

was also attended by the Orthodox Patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria and representatives of other Orthodox churches, according to an old tradition. The chairman of the Council on the Affairs of the Orthodox church delivered one of the first speeches. After having elected a new Patriarch, the council sent a message to the Soviet government expressing its gratitude to the government and to "the highly honored Joseph Stalin" for their aid to the church.

Restoration of the training of priests, which until recently could be conducted only in clandestine seminaries or by correspondence courses, has been of great importance. In December, 1943, Patriarch Sergius announced that he had decided—and obviously the Soviet government had approved the decision—to open a theological academy in Moscow and begin special courses for training priests. Candidates would be accepted only after a thorough education in state schools. Training would be free. The curriculum would differ little from pre-Revolutionary times, but in addition to theological subjects the Soviet Constitution and law would be taught. Each graduate would sign a special pledge to devote all his life to the church.

Furthermore, the printing of some religious material has become possible. According to the chairman of the Council on Greek Orthodox Church Affairs, the Orthodox church "may print whatever it wishes. In fact, we have given explicit permission for the church to order any quantity of Testa-

ments, prayer books, and liturgical books, and are ready to facilitate this step in every way, even to the extent of making representation to the paper-rationing authorities. As to the distribution of such material, there are no objections and no restrictions."

A few churches have been reopened in Moscow. In the summer of 1942, the number of functioning churches was 26, and last Christmas it was said to be 50. In August, 1944, the chairman of the Committee of Greek Orthodox Affairs revealed that "measures to facilitate opening of new churches in Russia were among the principal concerns of the council," and that the committee "placed absolutely no barriers to church expansion."

Closely connected is the fact that in August, 1943, the celebrated icon of the Iberian Virgin was made available for public worship. In 1930, its disappearance from a famous shrine in the center of Moscow was considered the climax of persecution. Now it is in the Sokolniki cathedral in one of Moscow's suburbs. In November, 1943, Kalinin said, "Since religion still grips considerable sections of the population and some people are deeply religious, we cannot combat it by ridicule. Of course, if some young people find it amusing it is not so terrible. But we must not allow it to develop into mockery."

It seems that the last barrier before the church, the prohibition of propaganda, including religious education, is about to crumble. In August, 1944, the chairman of the Council on Greek Orthodox Affairs said, "Priests may go

to their parishioners and engage in proselytizing work either in church or outside." One month later the same authority declared, "Parents may educate (religiously) their children in the privacy of their homes or send them to the homes of priests for such education. Children of different families may also gather or be gathered in groups to receive religious instruction." In October, 1944, the chairman of the Council on Affairs of Religious Cults made an identical statement as to children of other denominations, among them the Catholics. He emphasized, however, that religious instruction could not be given inside a church, synagogue, or mosque. "This would be against our established laws," he said, "which maintain that the church is given to the congregation for purposes of prayer and no other reason."

It is obvious that in 1944 the status of religion in the communist state was entirely different from that of the years 1937-8. The church is now an officially recognized social force. This status was granted it as the result of the concomitance of these factors:

1. Despite 20 years of reckless persecution, faith has persisted in Russia. This basic fact refuted communist doctrine in so far as religion is concerned; according to the doctrine, religion could not but wither away once it was deprived of the political and economic support it enjoyed before the Revolution.

2. The fact of the persistence of faith has been acknowledged, though reluctantly, by the communist rulers,

and has become one of the determinants of their policy. The Archbishop of York, repeating what he had heard in Russia, has often emphasized this acknowledgment.

3. Another fact has also impressed itself on the minds of the rulers: religion is not necessarily a "counterrevolutionary force" directing people towards restoration of pre-Revolutionary political and economic relations. In consequence, its destruction is not as essential as it seemed to the early communists.

4. In the course of the Great Retreat, the communist rulers were struck by the following "discovery": in many respects the aims of the church were the same as the modified aims of the rulers. The communist rulers now want discipline, stable families, and restriction of sex, those things the Russian Orthodox church always preached. To impose the corresponding standards on men, the church possesses means that the communist party lacks: as every living religious body, the church persuades its members that they ought to behave in accordance with standards because such behavior is God's will, and presupposes supernatural sanctions which, for believers, are of the greatest efficacy. The communist party could perhaps persuade its members to behave in accordance with the new ideas, but it is terribly handicapped by the fact of having preached the opposite standards just a few years back. Supernatural sanctions are not at its disposal, and as to coercion, the party knows very well

that it is rather inefficacious regarding moral standards.

Chosen for purely opportunist reasons, the new religious policy accentuated in the course of the war proved to be a marked success. Not only did the head of the Russian Orthodox church appeal to the flock for resistance against fascism, but his appeal brought a wholehearted response. The church members chose the continuation of communist rule as an evil lesser than the rule of Hitler.

On this basis, in the course of the Great Retreat, when realistic considerations almost entirely overruled the communist doctrine, fairly cordial relations could easily obtain. In old Russia the close connection between church and state was one of the pillars of the regime. In the phase of the Great Retreat now under discussion, the general evolution of Russia, after having led to the wholesale negation of the old regime, came back close to the starting point.

The similarity should not, however,

be exaggerated. In contradistinction to the *ancien régime*, under which the civil rulers were members of the church, the points of view of state and church now are opposed: the state still supports the materialistic philosophy of Marx, and the church maintains its spiritual dogma. Potential conflicts of intense gravity are therefore involved in the situation. What will happen if children receiving regular religious education from priests oppose statements of their atheistic teachers? And what will happen if young churchgoers discover that discrimination against them has not been lifted? And what will happen if older believers learn that their beloved bishops and priests died somewhere in Siberia? And what will happen if the "paper-distributing authorities" reject the application for publishing a book written by a theologian refuting Marxist philosophy?

We do not know, but the very possibility of foreseeing such cases shows that Russia's journey to full religious liberty will be a long one.

How Is Your Ecclesiastical Vocabulary?

By William J. Nolan

What is your liturgical IQ? What do the following terms, which are used in referring to Catholic churches, customs, rites, and vestments, mean to you? How many can you identify? A score of 15 is excellent, 10 is good, and 5 is fair. The answers will be found on page 63, but no fair peeking.

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. ambry | 8. chrism | 15. candelabrum |
| 2. aspergillum | 9. bugia | 16. cantor |
| 3. ferraiola | 10. burse | 17. sacristy |
| 4. faldstool | 11. commemorations | 18. prelate |
| 5. ferial | 12. Metropolitan | 19. octave |
| 6. gremial | 13. Ordinary | 20. canon |
| 7. mitre | 14. pontificale | |

Monte Cassino

By DAN FORRESTAL

TWO HUNDRED and fifty miles through chilly Italy in an open jeep is not a journey to be quickly forgotten. Ruined cities, hungry children, people walking aimlessly on roads which were once the pride of Mussolini, the still-cluttered beachhead at Anzio—those things are faint in one's memory. But one day a sight so ponderous, so grotesque, so dramatic appears that it excludes from importance all other sights and experiences.

"It affects everyone like that," they say—"it" being Cassino, most historic battle site in southern Europe.

It is difficult to say which is more memorable, town or mountain of Cassino. Both were caught in the storms of war, and two years later both are still deep in war's waste. The town is still there, with some life amid its ruins; the Monte Cassino is still there, too, with its abbey torn in a manner that would do credit to the newest atom bomb.

Today Cassino is only a remnant of a town, a skeleton in stone and mortar. Its streets have been cleared, and the loose rubble hauled away. Some gaunt, white structures remain, many still inhabited. It is not uncommon to come across a building three-quarters demol-



Condensed from the *Globe-Democrat**

ished, and to notice, back among the ruined walls, wash hanging on the line. In corners best protected from winds and rain, people live, eat, and sleep.

In such corners, people die; and people suffer. For Cassino is currently in the throes of malaria. All about the town are bomb craters, and in most craters is the stagnant water from which malaria got its start.

No central source of accurate information exists as to how many thousands were killed at Cassino, still live there, or have wandered away. Cassino still contains enough population to plan for the future. A new town is being built, its outskirts adjacent to the old. Public funds are being allocated for large, barracks-like buildings to form the nucleus for the town of tomorrow.

Perhaps this town will be called Cassino, but in any event the skeleton of what was Cassino is to remain as a monument to the war's most devastating single battle in Italy.

A good way to view this monument in one, long, horrible, never-to-be-forgotten manner is from above. The vantage point for such an observation is Monte Cassino. Almost all buildings

*St. Louis, Mo., and the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc., 247 W. 43rd St., New York City, 18. May 20, 1946.

were of white stone. Their remains stretch for more than a mile, a somber landscape, an array of masonry in assorted shapes. Occasionally, a small, new structure stands within the shadow of a large, though smashed, old one; but this is the exception; most new buildings are built in the newly rising town to the right. The destruction is not unusual in design. Its uniqueness is its thoroughness, its total coverage in every part of town.

At the peak of the mountain is the abbey, a colossal disarrangement of marble and stone, so disfigured that the visitor can scarcely discern where it started or stopped. Whatever architectural beauties it contained are lost in the rubble.

The buildings composing Monte Cassino were bombed in a series of air raids which destroyed everything, with one interesting exception. At the abbey, the tomb of St. Benedict remains intact, a dud bomb still implanted only several feet away.

"The day before the first air raid, the American planes dropped leaflets warning us that the abbey was to be bombed," Bishop Ildefonso Rea, Abbot of Monte Cassino, said through an interpreter. "I was not here then, but I have been told that no one at the abbey thought bombs would ever fall. The warning was ignored."

Just before the first air raid, 800 civilians had sought refuge at the top of the hill, thinking that they would find safety in the sacred confines. Ten monks also remained. During the first raid, at least 300 civilians were killed;

many of their bodies are still pinned beneath the ruins. Several monks were injured, but none was killed.

The abbey, once the most beautiful mountain landmark in Italy, has only small sections reflecting its former glory. The grand stairway is, ironically, almost intact, even to its arched, tunnel-like covering. But at the head of the stairs, the lofty basilica no longer stands. The visitor simply climbs the stairs and emerges into the open, to be surrounded by an unbelievable mass of wreckage. The first thing to hit one's view is a heroic statue of St. Benedict, decapitated by war. A tour of what remains is nothing more than a climb over rocks, up and down mangled stairways, along walls which once held mosaics but now are gaunt and ghastly. Chunks of marble rest at crazy angles; columns once lofty and graceful are now shattered and torn.

Seven monks still live in an old field-house apart from the abbey proper, a small stone building only partially damaged.

Soon, others will be back, and all will reside in a structure recently erected by the Italian state, a plain, rectangular building, still damp and unfurnished, presented formally to the Benedictines May 18. From this temporary structure, the monks will look out toward their abbey while the ruins are hauled away, to be followed, they declare in unison and sincerity, by the building of another Monte Cassino, in marble and stone, over the tomb of St. Benedict, just like the one which was destroyed.

II The Other Side II OF THE LABOR PROBLEM

By JOHN MONAGHAN

Condensed from *The Sign**

The mind of management

THE AVERAGE MAN seldom considers the labor problem until he has been inconvenienced by a strike. Then he sees red. Mass picketing, intimidation of persons anxious to work, presence of raucous radicals—each irritation makes him uneasy about labor. He knows workers need decent homes and old-age security. But are these possible? Why must differences be threshed out on the sidewalks to the inconvenience of the public and to our national disgrace? Is there not another side to the labor question?

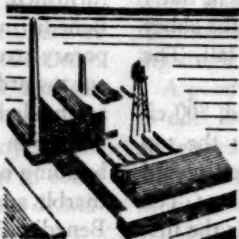
Now, the process by which raw materials are converted into consumable goods is complex. Capital must procure raw materials. Management must produce quickly and cheaply the finished product and market it profitably. In this process, management is more important than stockholding. Let us look at management, for management is the other side of the modern labor problem.

Newspaper pictures of management are pleasing: they show pleasant-looking family men, with American names and good teeth. By contrast, labor leaders often look as

if they slept in their clothes, nearly always need a shave, and frequently have foreign names. On the surface, management has a good case. The top-layer men are financial- and legal-minded; the lower-layer men are anxious to get the product on the market. The first group tends to see the labor union as a nuisance; the second, as a means of making the human element in the production process more efficient.

The capitalism most persons talk of is rapidly disappearing. Stockholders have little to say about the administration of the modern corporation. It is management that sets the pattern for production and labor relations. Management is well paid, but seldom owns anything in the corporation. When labor bargains, it is not bargaining with men of the old-time capitalist-owner type but with modern hirelings.

Small business is seldom involved in labor trouble. Workers in the small plant know the owners and the profit possibilities of the enterprise. Community life makes extravagant demands very unpopular. Unfortunately,



*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. April, 1946.

small business is disappearing. Management-dominated corporations control three-fourths of our industrial property. Up to 70% of the national income is created by corporate activity. Ten giant corporations employ 1 million workers; a handful of interlocked railroads employ the 1,600,000 rail workers; utility workers labor for a few great systems. The corporations themselves are dominated by a small supergroup. Up to 85% of all Americans gainfully employed are now dependent on wage or salary jobs. We are a nation of wage earners.

Specifically, who comprise "management"? In the broad sense, management includes all administrative, technical, and professional men, as well as production experts. Administrators determine policy and control. Only in the larger corporations are they a distinct group; in the smaller corporation, administrative functions are combined with managerial. Main interest of corporate administrators is financial. Production experts carry out the policy determined by the administrative group. Their job is to organize and plan production, to make goods in largest quantity, of finest quality, at lowest cost. Their interest is production, not financial profit. Between this and the first group (which is interested primarily in profits) is deep antagonism.

Here then are the two sides to the labor problem. We are familiar with the workingman's side: he needs more money to meet increasing costs of living; he needs more security in the job. Management is the other side. To man-

agement, the workman's point of view is valid; but, as management sees it, getting a family living wage for the employee is not its job.

Modern management is the product of an efficient, scientific, but narrow educational process. Such men are skeptical of values that are not immediately pragmatic. They have been so trained. They could fit easily into any system, capitalist or communist, that would afford them unlimited opportunity for exercise of their undoubted talents. They have almost no sense of the obligations that flow from ownership.

Management's outlook on the labor question can be illustrated by a discussion at a dinner given by the National Association of Manufacturers at the Waldorf Astoria in November, 1940. The NAM is mind and mouth of American big business. Guests at their meeting were priests active in the labor movement. The NAM was represented by well-known industrialists. J. Howard Pew, president of Sun Oil Co., spoke for management; the late Msgr. John Ryan and Msgr. John Boland, then chairman of the New York Labor Relations board, presented the principles of the social encyclicals and the general practices of the Church in the labor-relations field. The aim of the meeting was to enlist the Church's aid in the educational program of the NAM.

The dinner was cordial and discussion lasted more than four hours. But to the clergy who were present the following comments seemed justified:

1. Reforms embodied in the papal social program seemed to these men to be restrictive of free enterprise and far too radical.

2. Businessmen had no faith in voluntary association as a means of establishing and imposing a code of business ethics upon an industry.

3. Government regulation was intolerable to all but two or three.

4. They believed that freedom of religion and freedom of speech were pillars of democracy, but that free enterprise was the keystone of the arch, and, by implication, that religion would suffer with any change in the *status quo*.

5. They had no clear conception of social principles beyond the right to private property and individual liberty.

6. They refused to believe that maldistribution of private property was the basic cause of labor-capital controversy.

7. They believed the rights of present owners would be infringed by contracts according to which labor (as suggested by the encyclicals) would become a partner in business.

8. "Social stewardship" (a phrase frequently used by NAM speakers) meant that businessmen would grant benefits to workers not as a matter of right but of charity. In their conception, "charity" should substitute for justice.

The clergy present were convinced that a remark made by one of them was conclusively confirmed. "Workers need labor schools; but management needs schools, too."

This is a side of the labor problem the average man seldom sees, the side unions have to bargain with, the mind of management. At its best it is the mind of good men who spent a night listening and talking to priests for the common good and at the end hadn't budged an inch from their convictions that the social program of the Catholic Church was radical, impractical, and visionary. If management thinks that way on a high evening, its thoughts of labor on a dark morning must be very liverish. It is difficult to know what can be done toward reformation of such a mind. Schools have attempted its enlightenment; some good has been accomplished, but the mass mind of management still stands solidly against the social program of the Catholic Church.

Even deeply loyal Catholic men in management are often blind to the social and human relations that must hold industry together if our society is to survive. A corporation president, well known for charity and personal integrity, was approached recently with the advice that a union, efficient but not good, was setting up an elaborate program to organize his business. Probably 65% of the man's business personnel was Catholic, intelligent, and loyal. He was urged to anticipate the inevitable organization, since nearly all his competitors were organized, and to encourage his workers to attend Catholic labor schools, so that they would be prepared for leadership. The free and individual service of a local Catholic labor school was offered for

their exclusive service. The president did not take too long to make up his mind. He said, "I couldn't do that; my conscience wouldn't let me."

This is the mind of management, the mind with which labor has to do business. This is the other dark side to the American labor problem.

ANIMALS HAVE NO RIGHTS

A Catholic Looks at Vivisection

By JOHN J. CLIFFORD, S.J.

Condensed from the *New World**

ST. THOMAS, in the *Summa Theologica*, discusses vivisection indirectly when treating the ethics of killing living things. He states: "No man sins by using created things in pursuance of the ends for which they were made. Now in the natural order, things inferior are created for the sake of things superior; and so in generation, nature proceeds from the imperfect to the perfect; similarly in the formation of man, the first step is something living, the second something animal, and the last the man himself. Again, creatures endowed only with life, such as plants, are made for the benefit of animals; and all animals are made for the sake of men. Therefore, if men use plants for the benefit of animals, and animals for the sake of men themselves, there is in such conduct nothing unethical.

"Now the chief use of inferior things

is for food: animals use plants as food and men use animals for food. Of course, such use calls for their destruction. Hence it is ethical to kill plants for the use of animals, and likewise to kill animals for the use of men. Such destruction, too, accords with divine providence, for we read in Genesis: 'And God said, behold I have given you every herb and all trees to be food for you, and all the beasts of the earth.' And so God keeps animals and plants alive not for their own sake but for the sake of men" (*Summa Theologica*, 2.2., q. 64, a. 1).

God's purpose, then, in creating animals was to preserve the lives of men. Animals may fulfill this design of providence in two outstanding ways. First, they may serve as food for up-building men's bodies; and second, as hosts for rational medical experimentation against diseases which destroy

*109 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, 2, Ill. April 12, 1946.

men's bodies. According to the dictum of St. Thomas, no man sins in using creatures in harmony with the purpose of their creation.

Catholic doctrine looks to Scripture and tradition to discover the purpose of the creation, not of man alone, but of animals. So plainly does Scripture state that God in the very act of creation designed animals for the use and benefit of mankind that to deny man's right to use animals is to deny Scripture. It is a simple deduction to state that there can be no sin, and therefore no unethical conduct, in using the creatures of God for the purpose for which He created them.

But do we say then that men cannot sin, cannot be unethical in their use of animals for medical experimentation? No. The use of an animal for medical experimentation becomes an abuse as soon as cruelty enters into the experimentation; as soon as there is wanton infliction of pain, heartless neglect, or purposeless starvation.

Recent newspaper campaigns against vivisection broadcast the following headline: "Noted churchmen brand vivisection anti-Christian, sadistic cruelty." This caption was misleading. For what the churchmen denounced were cruelties which sometimes accompany vivisection. Such denunciation proves nothing against rational vivisection. All men must denounce cruelty. The Catholic Church condemns all wanton cruelty in vivisection, but does not condemn vivisection itself.

One paper which attacked vivisection

appealed to statements by Popes St. Pius V, Paul II, Pius X, and Benedict XV. "All have issued instructions to protect animals. Pope Benedict XV instructed all priests to preach sermons denouncing cruelty to animals in all its forms. This Pope sent his apostolic blessing to the Arezzo Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He was the third Holy Father to bless such a society." But in the above-mentioned acts, the Popes condemn cruelty but not vivisection.

All Catholics condemn the wanton cruelties in vivisection; some Catholics condemn all vivisection; most Catholics approve rational vivisection. The Church has made no official pronouncement on the subject. She has been misquoted as stating officially that animals have rights. So obvious is it that only beings endowed with intellect and free will have rights, that to labor the point further would be useless.

The teachings of Catholic moral theologians on vivisection are summed up in this quotation from the moral theologian, J. Noldin, S.J.: "Although experimentations upon the living bodies of animals (vivisection) to promote the science of physiology or the practice of medicine are licit in themselves, yet if they lack true usefulness or are not necessary to obtain a lawful end, they cannot be condoned. Nor can it be denied that the experiments of many medical men exceed the limits of licitness and degenerate into a mere torturing of animals."

Condensed from the *Bulletin Index**



RADICAL *for* CHRIST

By TALLY MCKEE

OPApistle

CHARLES Owen Rice is a Catholic priest. As a local OPA rent control director, he is czar over 400,000 dwelling units housing 2½ million people in nine counties of western Pennsylvania. He is founder and chief support of St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, a charitable home for destitute men. He is also ally and confidant of the country's most powerful labor leaders. He is a student of the labor movement and militant defender of organized labor; yet he has never been guilty of molycoddling racketeering, communist-dominated unions. He has publicly condemned capitalism as "an economic system which results in the domination of society by powerful minorities, inherently wrong and unsound because it sets private interest above the common good." Yet he has fought communism openly and vigorously.

He is devout and erudite, but he is also, like Shakespeare's soldier, "full of strange oaths," jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, and is often accused of seeking the bubble

reputation. He is admittedly a radical, working within an international religious body with a long history of conservatism. He is a mass of contradictions reconciled only by his integrity and firmness in the right as he is given to see it.

In one room of Hospitality House amid the slums of Tannehill St., Father Rice lives with his dog, Skippy, a typewriter, and a telephone. During hours free from rent problems, he relaxes amid books, papers, and magazines. He decides whether he will discuss Philip Murray and Franco, Ezra Pound, or Russia on his weekly quarter-hour radio talks over WWSW. He reads his favorite poets, Browning, Yeats, and Chesterton, and is ready on call to mediate, negotiate, or arbitrate any labor-management dispute; lecture on labor problems or current events; or publicize the needs of the House of Hospitality, run entirely on his \$6,500 government salary, plus voluntary donations; the House is not in the Community Fund. He smokes eight to ten stogies a day, likes old-fashioned or

**Century Bldg., Pittsburgh, 22, Pa. March 30, 1946. (The author is associate editor.)*

semiclassical music, an occasional game of cards. He swims, is expert at tennis and ping-pong.

In the ten years since Father Rice founded Hospitality House, taking over a barn-like, abandoned orphanage, it has sheltered as many as 800 men a night and served an average of 1,000 free meals a day to the homeless and helpless. No religious or racial distinctions are made, no questions asked of the needy. Guests are not required to attend Mass.

Once when a local busybody reported conditions intolerable because men slept on the floor and were not urged to take baths, inspectors were sent to investigate. Standing by his guns, Father Rice said he would go to jail before he would turn a man away. Upshot of the matter was that sanitation inspectors who came to condemn stayed to organize a minstrel show which raised \$3,000 for the home. Newspaper publicity brought 100 mattresses from merchant Leo Lehman and beds began to arrive from anonymous donors all over the city. Father Rice chuckled.

Charles, the son of Michael Rice, retired chain-store executive, was born 37 years ago in New York City. When he was four his mother died, and with his younger brother Patrick he was sent to Ireland to be brought up on a farm by doting spinster aunts and schoolmaster uncles. In an environment of good books, the best current periodicals, and much lively, sensible talk of rebellion, war, politics, and religion, the boys developed a social conscience at an age when most children are dis-

covering the taunting possibilities of words like mick, dago, and jig. When the boys were 11 and had lived down their strange American accent and ways, they were returned to Pittsburgh, where their touch of blarney, Eton jackets, and jockey caps made them irresistible targets for ridicule. They were in the upper third of their classes in all subjects except deportment; necessity for self-defense kept them in the lower third there. Nothing in the way they conducted themselves in pitched battles indicated that both would one day wear their collars backwards. Father Patrick W. Rice is an Army chaplain, on leave from St. Lawrence parish, and Charles is Pittsburgh's priest-at-large, or, as Lord Halifax once dubbed him, "a sort of chaplain of the CIO."

While executing his early priestly duties, Father Rice was strongly influenced by two older clergymen: pro-labor Father Carl Hensler, and lovable, eccentric Msgr. George Barry O'Toole, founder of the Catholic University of Peking and internationally famous writer on philosophy and evolution. The three clergymen organized in Pittsburgh the Catholic Radical Alliance, which later became the most important adjunct of the Catholic Worker movement in America for combating atheistic communism. Based on Leo XIII's encyclical *On the Condition of Labor*, which startled the industrial world in 1891 by favoring workingmen's associations (an obvious papal retort to Karl Marx and socialism), and on Pius XI's revolutionary encycli-

icals, the Alliance sought to implement those doctrines with deeds by actively supporting union organization and social legislation. They provided meeting places for labor organizations, fed strikers, marched in picket lines, distributed literature, and furnished lecturers.

The priests joined picket lines in 1937 in the Ohio-Pennsylvania Little Steel strike and the Canning and Pickle Workers' strike against the Heinz Co. Urging unions to avoid violence, they maintained that "the worker who stands alone is often ill-treated. Labor's only weapon is the trade union." Turning the tables on communism's contention that religion is the "opiate of the people," they declared that "unionization is the Christian thing." Their objective was to keep communism out of labor unions, Catholic workers in the Church, and possibly draw into the Church other union members. Out of the Alliance grew the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, with the express purpose of "making better union members of Catholics through education." ACTU sponsors schools for workers to study state and national labor laws, workmen's compensation, labor history, and, not incidentally, Christian apologetics.

Today Father Rice finds time to conduct Duquesne's Institute of Labor Relations, an offshoot of the earlier schools. Attended by top men in management as well as labor, the institute frankly presents labor's side of the news. Asked if this is not a biased approach, Father Rice replies, "Read the

newspapers if you want to learn management's side." An example of how antilabor propaganda is exposed in those studies is his recent announcement that despite the hue and cry raised against strikes impeding the war effort, the record of labor throughout the war boils down to an average of four man-days lost per union worker, more than counterbalanced by the four July 4's worked voluntarily. Two local AFL business agents, one Steel Union director, one executive of a national independent union, and dozens of minor union officers are alumni of his labor schools.

A seeming contradiction in the career of Father Rice, ardent and faithful New Dealer, arose in 1938, when he challenged the Public Housing Authority's right to condemn properties on the site proposed for Terrace Village, a government housing project. Arguing that the unprosperous owners of the area were entitled to more consideration and money for their real estate, he formed the Soho and Gazam Hill Owners and Tenants association to plead their case. When the matter was finally settled in court, owners, on an average, received \$1,000 more for their holdings than was originally offered. Later, as successful chairman of Pittsburgh's Fair Rent committee, a voluntary organization which handled 5,000 complaints of tenants in the early war-boom days, Father Rice was "borrowed" by the federal government and sent to Brooklyn to set up the borough's rent-control system, a job he executed brilliantly.

Obviously, he was the man for top job in rent control when the OPA came to appoint a local director. Fierce opposition arose and his appointment seemed unlikely. Undaunted, he went to Chicago and attended a school for rent-control officials in preparation for the appointment, and stubbornly prepared to fight the political machinations that sought to keep him out. Failing to pass his Civil Service examination and suspicious that it had been tampered with, Father Rice went to Washington to appear before the Civil Service commission. He emerged victorious, and took office one month after the rent-control office had been established.

With such inauspicious beginnings, a wild and woolly administration was anticipated, but Father Rice's tenure was peaceful. By maintaining a strong position in regard to law enforcement and never taking refuge in the cry, "not enough investigators," Father Rice won the respect of fair-minded real-estate men and the gratitude of a cooperative citizenry.

The fast-talking, fiery priest is a news reporter's dream. Seeking publicity for any of his pet causes, he has a happy facility for hitting upon the right words or phrases. His news releases, carefully prepared, have headline spontaneity and can usually be identified by their clarity and compactness even when his name is not mentioned. To make clear whatever he is fighting for, neat itemized statements generally follow a declaration of his stand. Such were his eight-point pro-

gram to bring about unity between management and labor during the war, and his six-point listing of ways in which to recognize an anti-Semite.

Admitting in 1930 that anti-Semitism among Catholics was strong, Father Rice launched a tirade against intolerance, saying, "Catholics who allow themselves to be propagandized into hatred of Jews or any other group are guilty of mortal sin." Pointing out that every nationality group, Irish, German, Italian, English, or just plain American, has traits that others find obnoxious, he said the American way was "to purify these irritating traits in the crucible of American life." He has fought against all forms and signs of racial and religious intolerance as strongly as he has fought for unionism.

It is not easy to peg Father Rice's exact position in labor today. *Life* recently referred to him as Philip Murray's "right hand man."* He is official arbiter for many unions, including laundry workers, mattress makers, printers, cleaners, and dyers. Many union contracts include his name in negotiation clauses. He is recognized as an infallible barometer of what the next move of any union will be, because of his intimacy with labor leaders, and his position as an unofficial governmental go-between serving both management and labor. Charges of red-baiting and antiunion activities have been hurled against him but it is clear that top labor leaders trust in and rely on him.

During the recent strike of 800,000

*See *CATHOLIC DIGEST*, April, 1946, p. 1.

steelworkers, Father Rice took his stand once again solidly behind labor, saying, "The rank-and-file steelworkers are willing to strike at this time because they see that they are waging the battle of the future. They are putting up a struggle so that their children won't have to sustain worse and harder struggles in another generation. Labor

is either going forward or going back. If we repeat the mistakes of the last postwar period, if we don't put enough money in the hands of the worker who will spend it to create more wealth, we will have another and worse depression. We will have breadlines, apple salesmen, relief doles, and, maybe, revolution."



Flights of Fancy

There are too many men praying for peace with their fists clenched.—*Francis Cardinal Spellman.*

Like Dives, luxuriating himself into hell.—*Fulton J. Sheen.*

Hitler planned "tomorrow the world," while America planned "the world tomorrow."—*Anthony Kur-riger.*

It isn't will power a girl needs nowadays, but won't power.—Overheard by *Clara Boehm.*

Autumn was holding high carnival before the long white fast of winter.—*M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.*

It was a well-broomed house.—*Vincent A. Otto.*

Fingernails in perpetual mourning.—*John S. Kennedy.*

He's a pilgrim on the path of least resistance.—*Reynold Brodens.*

Spring always gives me ruralgia.—*Pete Simer.*

An attic filled with cobweb entanglements.—*A student.*

His forehead, washboarded in thought.—*E. Gardner.*

The dawn ran to meet us like a cat leaping up the steps.—*W. Somerset Maugham.*

Speeders who watch the scenery instead of the road have a fine chance of becoming part of both.—*Calgary Albertan.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



*With benefit
of Mass*

June Wedding

By CAROL JACKSON

Condensed from the *Torch**

I ATTEND a great many weddings. Couples I don't know are always getting married in late afternoon when I am at church. It's beyond me why anyone wants to be married in the afternoon.

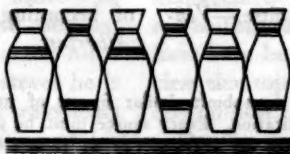
The maid of honor comes in. Her tight gown reveals clearly that she has round shoulders and curvature of the spine. Then comes the bride, resplendent in yellowish-white satin cut low enough for a Hollywood set, and wearing scads of theatrical make-up. The party gets to the altar somehow. All kneel while the organist plays a medley of sentimental hymns, with interludes of his own composition. Meanwhile, the priest can be seen (not heard) shouting over the music, to make at least the bridal couple hear him. Presently, amid the din, they become man and wife, mysteriously and indissolubly united by the mercy of God, and given sufficient grace, by His compassion, to bear with one another always.

Things are going to be different when I get married. None of this late-afternoon business, but a nuptial Mass in the morning. I like the

idea of being married while fasting. If a thing is mildly important, sort of run-of-the-mill, you appoint committees and make noise. If it is really important, you fast and pray. That's the way the Apostles went about things.

Nobody will mistake my wedding for a Hollywood production. The invitations will be due warning that it's a holy, sacramental affair. I don't care in the least about books of etiquette on what to say in cheerless, formal, envelope-within-envelope wedding invitations. My invitations are going to be Christian and exciting. On the front (in colors) will be a nice liturgical picture of the wine jars at the feast of Cana that our Lord attended, together with the monogram of Christ and intertwined wedding rings. On the back will be the words of St. Paul from the Epistle of the nuptial Mass, in which he compares marriage to the union of Christ with his Church. The inside of

the card will have something straightforward and Christian to the effect that we are about to be united in Holy Matrimony.



*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. February, 1944.

I hope to have a dialogue Mass. There is a host of things I want to say "Amen" to. A sung Mass would be even better, with true Gregorian music. There are Leaflet Missals with the nuptial Mass printed in them. Everybody shall have one, even (and especially) the stray visitors, I hope they will shout the responses, rejoicing with us. I shall make my wedding dress myself. It will be beautiful: simple, modest, and white. Maybe it will be cotton, or linen, or wool. Anyhow, you can count on its not being slinky. Maybe it will have lace on it. I can't decide yet about the veil. A cap of real lace? Well, perhaps.

Now about the flowers. Orchids would be dreadful, because they're a parasitic flower and would never do in hands that can actually make bread. I don't want lilies either, although they are pretty. It's all very well not to toil and spin, but not for the prospective mother of a dozen children. Daisies, maybe. They are hardy, pretty, plentiful. I wonder if my husband could be persuaded to go to the fields and pick them for me? As soon as we are married I'm going to put the flowers on Mary's altar. None of this throwing things over staircases the way they do in the movies.

The day before my wedding will be quiet. All the unimportant preparations, like food, dress, and rehearsals, will be finished before then, because I'll need at least 24 hours of important preparation. I need to do much praying that day: that my husband and I will lead good and holy lives and will help each other get to heaven; that our

children may be as olive plants round about our table—a dozen or so; that we may love each other in sickness and misfortune; be true unto death.

Then I've got a lot of reading to do. First of all, and frequently, Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem, *At the Wedding March*.

*God with honor hang your head,
Groom, and grace you, bride, your bed
With lissome scions, sweet scions,
Out of hallowed bodies bred.*

*Each be other's comfort kind:
Deep, deeper than divined,
Divine charity, dear charity,
Fast you ever, fast bind.*

And, of course, the story of Sarah and Tobias, that love story from the Old Testament from which the opening words of the nuptial Mass are taken. Sarah's Tobias was a good man who feared God, and who told Sarah that for three nights they must pray and be joined to God before being joined to each other in wedlock: "For we are the children of saints, and we must not be joined together like heathens that know not God." Tobias and Sarah had seven sons, and it is not said how many daughters, but Tobias, at least, saw his children's children to the fifth generation. He was 99 when he died.

There is just one more thing. While we are marrying each other there is not going to be another sound, no soft music playing sweetly in the background. I mustn't be distracted. I must know exactly what I'm about when I say, in a firm, clear voice, "I, Carol, take thee, . . ."



BALLAD OF HONG KONG GAOL

FATHER MEYER'S • MAGIC •

By MARK A. TENNIEN

Condensed from *Maryknoll, The Field Afar**

THE GRIPSHOLM was in Hong Kong harbor the summer of 1942, with gangplanks down and tables spread with food to receive the starved, interned Americans who were to be taken home. But the 2,500 internees who had to remain needed a priest, and they looked forlornly at the group packing baggage. At the last moment, Bishop Valtorta of Hong Kong asked that two priests volunteer to stay in China; he had learned his own priests would not be permitted to enter the camp to say Mass nor to administer the sacraments.

There, indeed, was a hard choice for men packing to go home. But Father Bernard Meyer, M.M., of Iowa was never a procrastinator when giant tasks had to be done. He was a plunger and a driver, whose powerful hands could hold the plough through Iowa green-sward until the horses gave out, whose keen mind could produce dictionaries and treatises.

It was no surprise, then, to hear him say, "I'll stay to care for the people."

In spite of Father Meyer's protests, Father Donald Hessler, M.M., a young priest from Michigan who refused to be outdone, also remained.

The unique Father Meyer, whose amazing personality keeps you chuckling, and whose energies and ability keep you marveling, is a storyteller's dream.

He is a planner and doer. In the confines of internment, his active mind was piqued by the challenge, and he made even dirt, rock, and salt ocean serve in the struggle to keep alive. When there was no salt he got permission to haul water from the sea, and the internees cooked with sea water for flavor.

He had learned to turn soil almost as soon as he could walk, and now he drove the spade vehemently into stubborn gravel to prepare for planting vegetables. Perhaps by growing up on the farm, where one carries in the newborn lamb or calf or foal, he developed a sort of maternal instinct and thought-

*Maryknoll P. O., N. Y. May, 1946.

fulness for the weak. He terraced the mountainside into gardens, then turned over the prepared plots to those too weak or sick for heavy work.

His 6'x12' cubicle was a chemical laboratory filled with brews, cultures, and mysterious mixtures. When the internees got flour, they thought of making bread; but there was no yeast. The missionary knew that Chinese farmers make yeast from sweet potatoes; with the zest of a Pasteur, he mixed sweet potatoes with different elements until he had a bubbling, milky yeast. News of his discovery spread, and people flocked to get some of his magic leaven.

In the early days, the camp diet included almost no green vegetables. But there was an alfalfa field near. As a farm boy, Father Meyer had learned that alfalfa has many times the food value of ordinary hay. He decided to try this wonder fodder as a vegetable. Pulling off the tender shoots, he cooked them as greens and as the basis for soup. After a few meals his intimate friends around the table formed a barnyard symphony: one would moo, another neigh, a third, grunt. But the experimenter took the ribbing good-naturedly; the jokers ate all set before them.

Calcium was lacking in the diet. Father Meyer mixed slack lime with water; when it had settled, the internees drank the water. They also burned old bones and ate the powder. Many, however, watched with foreboding, wondering when the partakers would double up in death agonies.

Father Meyer had studied medicine during his 20 years in mission dispensaries. When inmates complained of indigestion, he administered a simple but effective remedy, charcoal. But the harsh fare and nervousness were giving many people acid stomach, and he had no cure at hand for that. Digging in the hill one day, he ran into layers of the white clay called kaolin.

"Why, that's alkaline!" he exclaimed. His eyes brightened with an idea. "Penicillin works where sulphas fail; maybe kaolin will work where charcoal fails."

He had an acid stomach himself, so he mixed the clay with water and swallowed it. The heartburn stopped. Before long, news of a wonder drug flashed through camp; the resulting rush was like that to a gold mine! A doctor in the camp came, like Nicodemus in the night, to tell the priest he found the kaolin strangely effective.

Father Meyer's friends said, "He got us to eat grass, and now we are eating dirt. We're worms, that's all!"

When Christmas was near, Father Meyer set out to brighten jaded spirits. He wrote a Christmas play, and selected and trained actors. He made shepherds' cloaks from burlap bags; for angels' robes, he went around borrowing silk nightgowns from the ladies.

The internees needed more than mental relaxation; hunger gnawed, and their tongues craved sweets. The camp had no yeast, flour, fruit, nor fats, but the shortage did not faze Father Meyer.

The missionary's big, calloused hands

turned the stone mill for hours, grinding rice into flour. For weeks he had begged people who received boxes from friends outside to save the orange and tangerine peels. These he dried in the sun. He also made a store of candied pomelo peels to supply additional citrus fruit.

He got wash tubs for the batter and made a wooden paddle to mix it. Then into the tubs went the yeast, this time made from rice, the rice flour, the precious brown sugar, the orange and tangerine peels ground up for flavor, the candied pomelo to make fruity munching. Powdered egg yolk bought from the Japanese canteen was poured in to supply the fat for shortening. A trial loaf was baked, then small additions were dumped into the batter to make the flavor just right. Dozens of bread tins were filled and shoved into ovens, to make 120 lbs. of fruitcake for the Christmas social.

The Meyer mixture rose to fill each tin, and came out looking like the traditional dessert. But the test is in the tasting. After the Christmas play, the fruitcake was served to more than 500 persons, and every crumb was devoured.

Bewildered women asked, "Where did he get the flour? Where did he get the shortening, and the delicious fruit?"

One man made a speech. "After many years, the faith of my childhood has returned; there is a Santa Claus after all! He is Father Meyer."

When the people got to know Father Meyer, they were surprised at

nothing. Patients in the garage-hospital said the place was stuffy. He got hammer, saw, and chisel, knocked a hole in the wall, and put in a window the same day. When the authorities saw the *fait accompli* for which there was no permission, they shrugged their shoulders as much as to say, "It is that Meyer priest again, but he is incorrigible." It was not surprising to see him with mortar and trowel, making some new kind of stove or baking oven. But it was annoying when he got ideas in the middle of the night and started pounding and sawing. A chorus of infuriated yells would often send him back to bed.

Father Meyer also held daily classes in Chinese; he taught children; he organized discussion clubs and Catholic Action societies. But the chink in his armor was teaching children and young people. Because of wide reading and deep study, he could talk to bankers, politicians, economists, scientists, and world planners; but he could not adapt his teaching to youngsters, and he gave that up.

The war ended, and Father Meyer slipped into Hong Kong. He disdains sentiment; he preferred to avoid the gratitude people were starting to pour out to him. Besides, the task was done, and he wished to hurry on to other work.

In a few weeks he had rented a building, moved partitions, splashed paint, got the elevator running, and started a Catholic canteen for the Allied servicemen who were arriving. In the forenoon he wrote doctrinal books.

Many of his rapid-fire ideas are quixotic and could be carried out only by men like himself. You always admire him, you sometimes laugh, you are often provoked, you are foolish to

try to keep pace with him. But when all is said and done, you yearn for a spark of that fire which drives him to accomplish such great things for God and mankind.



Answers to "Ecclesiastical Vocabulary"

(Page 45)

1. Chest or niche near the altar where the holy oils are kept.
2. Short-handled brush or perforated globe used for sprinkling holy water.
3. Cloak worn over the shoulders as part of the etiquette dress (black for priests; red for prelates).
4. Movable seat or stool, usually on the Epistle side, used by prelates when not in their own jurisdiction; used also by bishops when administering sacraments, especially Holy Orders.
5. A day of the week from Monday to Friday; pertaining to the Office of a weekday.
6. Rectangular cloth the bishop places over his lap when sitting on the throne at a pontifical Mass.
7. Liturgical headdress worn by bishops and abbots when pontificating at Mass or administration of the sacraments. Tall, indented conical cap with two lappets hanging down the back. Three kinds are used: ornamented with precious stones, often called the *precious mitre*; *orphreyed*, made of cloth of gold, often called the *gold mitre*; and the *simple mitre* made of white linen or silk.
8. Holy oil used at Baptism, Confirmation.
9. Hand candlestick used when a prelate says Mass.
10. Originally a purse or handbag; now a flat folder of cloth of the same color as the vestments in which the corporal is kept.
11. Second and third orations at Mass which commemorate a saint or suppressed feast.
12. Archbishop in charge of an ecclesiastical province.
13. Bishop of a diocese.
14. Bishop's ritual book.
15. Branched candlestick.
16. Chanter, singer.
17. Room or building where vestments are stored and priest, servers vest.
18. An ecclesiastic who has jurisdiction in affairs affecting the public welfare of the Church, as bishop, abbot, cardinal, Pope; one on whom the title or rank is conferred as an honor, as a monsignor.
19. Celebration of a feast for eight days.
20. Rule or law of the Church; the section of the Mass from immediately after the *Sanctus* to the *Pater Noster*.

A Catholic Nation at Stake

By CLEMENT S. MIHANOVICH

Yugoslavia at the crossroads

Condensed from the *Torch**

SOME TIME after the dawn of Christianity, a horde of stalwart, swarthy, broad-shouldered people, pagan in belief, fierce in manner, began to break through the rugged Carpathian mountains, impelled by the wanderlust of nomads, and came finally to the shores of the Adriatic. Unlike most tribes of that time, they settled down, and began to cultivate the soil of Illyria (now Dalmatia) and the surrounding territories.

They pursued their pagan customs until the years 640-641, when Pope John IV, himself a Dalmatian, sent a missionary, Abbot Martin, to them to collect and bring to Rome the remains of Christian martyrs massacred by Huns, Goths, and Ostrogoths. With the coming of this missionary, Christianity took hold in Dalmatia. Within 30 years the whole nation embraced the faith of the Apostles. Between the years 678 and 681, the people entered a pact with the Holy See to remain faithful to the throne of Peter. Not once in 13 centuries did they falter in their allegiance.

Descendants of this people still live along the Adriatic. In 1941 they celebrated the 1300th anniversary of their Christianization, the 700th anniversary of the presence of Jesuits, and the 1098th anniversary of the presence of

Benedictines. Who are they? They are the faithful sons of the papacy, the "most excellent sons of the Holy Roman Church," the "*antemurale Christianitatis*"—the Croats. Their country is part of what was once the kingdom of Yugoslavia. It includes the provinces of Croatia proper, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Istria, Herzegovina, Lika, and Slavonia. The people number about 6 million.

The Croats never hesitated to shed their blood for the preservation of their holy faith. They fought courageously against the schisms of East and West. During the Turkish and Islamic wars, their efforts were beyond value in defeating Islamism. For their work in behalf of Catholicism, Leo X, on Dec. 12, 1519, gave them their precious title of *antemurale Christianitatis*, "bulwark of Christianity."

This once great bulwark is now being shaken to its foundations. Cracks widened into fissures when Marshal Tito took command of organized resistance against the German and Italian invader. Signs of crumbling were evident when the people of the new federated Yugoslavia recently endorsed Tito, and when Tito was formally recognized by the U. S. and Britain.

While those countries played political blindman's buff, Russia slowly

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. April, 1946.

crept across the boundaries of Bulgaria, Hungary, and Rumania and plunged deep into the Christian soil of Yugoslavia. The sovietizing of Yugoslavia by Tito has already brought about the following "changes" and "reformations": The state has appropriated virtually all commercial and industrial enterprises and confiscated vast expanses of farmland. Surplus farm products must be distributed by state-controlled cooperatives. Indiscriminate liquidation has been the lot of all "collaborators." It is now simple for a man to eliminate his enemy; he simply reports him to the authorities as a collaborator and the speedy, and sometimes on-the-spot "people's courts" have him shot. According to Allen Raymond of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "anybody who kept factories, workshops, banks, stores, hotels, and other commercial enterprises running during the period of war may be found guilty of collaboration if the people's courts so desire."

A recently revised draft of a constitution for the Yugoslav "republic" calls for nationalization of all mineral wealth, rail and air facilities, posts and telephone, telegraph and radio. All foreign trade has been placed under state control. Military service is compulsory. The government structure has been redesigned along soviet lines. Only one political party is permitted.

Church and state have been separat-

ed; religion is no longer tax-supported. Hundreds of priests have been imprisoned or arbitrarily shot, many for most trivial reasons. A secret-police organization, OZNA, has been introduced, patterned after the infamous NKVD and OGPU. Commissars and secret police are everywhere.

In the Yugoslav cabinet Tito is premier, minister of war, and commander-in-chief. Twenty-one ministers are Tito men, four are lukewarm dissenters.

Criticism of Tito or of the U.S.S.R. is punishable by death. In the words of Correspondent Raymond: "Tito in Yugoslavia today is as powerful as Premier Stalin in Russia. Whether the new parliament, with every form of democratic self-government, will lead Yugoslavia into a totalitarian or democratic state still remains open to doubt, but today's odds are on totalitarianism after perhaps a little more bloodshed." And through recent bitter experience we have found what fate has in store for religion under totalitarianism.

If we assume, as we did after the 1st World War, that Europe is not our concern, we will sow a crop which future generations will have to reap with the sharp and devastating instruments of Mars. Similarly, if we assume that the Catholicism of the Yugoslavs is their own affair and not ours, we may be laying the foundation for a subtle but gradual and systematic erasing of the faith among all Slavs.

Many of us spend half our time wishing for things we could have if we didn't spend half our time wishing.

Alexander Woolcott.



A True Olympian

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the *New York Times**

Story of the Irish whales

CAPT. PATRICK J. McDONALD of the New York police department has formally applied for retirement. Shame on the man! 'Tis only 64 years old he is. Back in County Clare they'd say that he still was a broth of a lad. Glory be, but it ill becomes the descendant of an Irish king—isn't every Irishman descendant of a king?—to retire so soon.

If it's example the man needs, let his mind wander back to the time he visited the old folks after he had won his second Olympic championship, the 56-lb. weight throw, at Antwerp in 1920. And if it's an eyewitness he needs, let him bend an ear to the report he himself delivered.

"When I got to me family cottage," he related then (and not even Old Nick would have had the temerity to doubt him), "shure, what did I see but a crowd gathered around. They were watching me sainted father pitchin' a 56-lb. weight over the roof. 'Twas astounded I was that he'd be a-heavin' the weight with no one to watch where it fell. 'Bosh, man,' explained me father, 'get along wid ye, Pat. Is it not your grandfather I have acatchin' it on the other side and tossin' it back?'"

Pat McDonald retire? It almost seems as heretical a thought as Finn MacCool retiring. Pat always seemed indestructible, with the elfin spirit of the Little Men lurking in his huge body. He's really a tremendous figure, 6-foot-5 and 325 lbs. of bubbling good nature. He won his first National A.A.U. championship in 1907 and his last in 1933 for some two dozen national titles in all. You can picture the athlete he was in his heyday.

He, above all others, contributed to that indelible page in track history which was etched there vividly by the Irish-American "whales." Ah, but they were colorful. There was himself, no less, along with Matt McGrath, John Flanagan, Simon Gillis, Martin Sheridan, Paddy Ryan, and all the rest. They had more color than a spectro-scope.

A steward on the boat to the 1912 Olympics gave them their nickname. The poor chap was worn bowlegged carting food to them. It wasn't the second portions which exhausted him so much as the thirds, fourths, and fifths. Each had the appetite of an anaconda. The cute Mr. Gillis, for instance,

**Times Square, New York City. April 14, 1946.*

thought nothing of eating a dozen eggs for breakfast. Wait a minute, though. The worst is yet to come. He'd dab a speck of mustard on each and then devour it, shell and all. No wonder the harassed steward moaned, "It's whales they are, not men."

Once when having dinner with Pat, I'd barely started on a steak when he beckoned the waiter, pointed to his empty plate and remarked deprecatingly, "'Twas a portion for only a wee lad and 'tis a grown man I am." He had a second steak and a third. Then he topped it off with a slab of roast beef that would have choked a horse. Afterward he admitted that it wasn't a bad snack.

No weight thrower ever fascinated a crowd the way Pat did when he was tossing the 56-lb. weight for height. The giant would reach down one huge paw, grasp the handle, and heave. The white-haired veteran would always win, while each young Hercules opposing him would sweat and strain with both hands and not achieve half the distance.

But there was a method to his madness. He once confessed, blue eyes twinkling, "Whist, lad. The secret is that ye can only do it right with one hand." With that he burst out with that contagious laughter which shook every ounce on his massive frame. When Pat was well over 50 he broke the world record and was stunned by the achievement.

"Glory be!" he muttered. "'Twas Paddy Ryan's record I broke. He'll murther me if he ever catches me."

The pranks those whales played on each other, and on innocent bystanders as well, were almost beyond belief even though their humor was sometimes a trifle robust. On one Olympic trip Colonel Conkright was so bedeviled by the fun-loving giants that he prevailed on McGrath to stand guard at night. That lasted only until Matt grew bored. He walked into the cabin of his slumbering charge and yanked the mattress from under him with one prodigious jerk.

Matt had a roguish streak anyway. When Pat was seasick on one trip, the thoughtful McGrath visited him, an errand of mercy, no doubt, and pleasantly asked the moaning McDonald whether he preferred to have his body shipped back to the U. S. or buried at sea. When Pat recovered sufficiently to toss a beer party for his friends, he stubbornly refused to invite McGrath. The whales were just striking a high note in *The Wearing of the Green* behind the barricaded door when a bucket of water cascaded through the port-hole. Matt had lowered Frankie Genaro, the flyweight boxer, over the side as his weapon of revenge.

The whales had plenty of fun off the field and on it. But in competition, especially when the stakes were highest, they were fierce fighters. As long as they had their youth, or a reasonable facsimile, the U. S. swept all Olympic weight crowns. Their devotion to their adopted land was so deep that Pat, for instance, gladly gave up three months' salary as one of New York's Finest for each Olympic quest.

They were a grand group of men and Patrick Joseph McDonald was grandest of them all. When his only son was born, Pat had a temporary dislike for his own name and refused

to bestow it on his son. Therefore he named him Joseph Patrick McDonald. Maybe that's what is known technically as an "Irish bull." But how can you help loving a guy like that?



Fish Story

"We will camp at the Point tonight," shouted Father Tosi, between explosive chugs of the engine, as the new motorboat wound its way up the Yukon. Brother Powers nosed the craft in toward the gently shelving beach, leaped ashore, and made the boat secure.

When morning came, the river had gone. The boat was resting easily in the sand. Father Tosi and Brother Powers tried to ease it down to the water line, but it was immovable. Patiently they waited for the evening tide, but they were now too far up the river. Next morning the spring flood peak had long passed; the waters were falling. As Father Tosi was about to pack up for a trek overland, an Indian boat appeared from upstream. Loud calls soon brought the native to shore.

"No go now," the Indian counseled. "Wait three day—then fish come plenty—water come high—boat float."

The incredulous priest shook his head.

"You see," the Indian continued, "fish dam up river—water rise."

Brother Powers, who had heard traditions of this kind whispered among the natives, explained, "You see, Father, when the lamprays come wiggling upstream to spawn, they are tangled together so thick the water can't flow by. Naturally, it has to back up. That's how the boat will float."

Three days the missionaries camped under their fragrant pine boughs. Then, sure enough, the smooth waters of the Yukon began to wriggle and ripple with the snapping crawl of the advance eel contingents. They formed a moving dyke.

Slowly the beach stones moistened, next the ripples started lapping at the boat's keel, then the propeller was covered, and Father Tosi with sparkling eyes saw his treasure ship stir and move uneasily as she swung afloat from her sandy cradle. The fish had done the trick.

Arthur D. Spearman, S.J. in the *Calumet* (Winter '45).

Balance Sheet of RUSSIAN EXPANSION



By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Condensed

"Tomorrow the world"

from the *American Mercury**

Mr. Chamberlin, noted foreign correspondent, has written numerous magazine articles and several books on Russia—among them *Soviet Russia, Russia's Iron Age, Collectivism—A False Utopia*, and *The Russian Enigma*.

EXCEPT for the far-flung activities of the Communist International, the Soviet Union up to the 2nd World War lived within a defensive isolationist shell. But since then it has definitely changed its policy. These are lands formally annexed since September, 1939:

	Area in Square Miles	Population
Eastern Poland.....	68,290	10,150,000
Finnish Karelia.....	16,173	470,000
Lithuania.....	24,058	3,029,000
Latvia.....	20,056	1,950,000
Estonia.....	18,353	1,120,000
Bessarabia and Bukovina	19,360	3,748,000
Moldavia.....	13,124	2,200,000
Petsamo.....	4,087	4,000
Koenigsberg area, East Prussia.....	3,500	400,000
Carpatho-Ukraine.....	4,922	800,000
South Sakhalin.....	14,075	415,000
Kurile Islands.....	3,949	4,500
Tannu Tuva.....	64,000	65,000
Total.....	273,947	24,355,000

This means that the Soviet Union, already much the largest contiguous

land mass on the globe, has been augmented by an area larger than all our New England and Middle Atlantic states, with Virginia and North Carolina thrown in. It also means that the population of the country (about 170 million by the census of 1939) has increased by almost 25 million—more than half the population of Great Britain or France.

This is impressive enough. But physical absorption of a nation's territory is not always necessary to acquire control of its manpower and resources. It is in the domain of indirect annexation, enforced by a variety of methods, from military occupation to installation of communists in key posts, overwhelming economic and political pressures, and exclusive trade agreements, that Stalin's greatest gains have been achieved.

No fewer than 12 nations and areas, with aggregate population of some 165 million, have been forced into the orbit of predominant Soviet influence. Here is the amazing list (area figures are not

*570 Lexington Ave., New York City, 22, May, 1946.

given because the final frontiers have not yet been drawn, and the population figures are necessarily tentative): Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Eastern Germany, Finland, Manchuria, North Korea, Outer Mongolia.

Most of the regions which have been directly annexed were at one time or another a part of the czarist empire, although only a negligible minority of the people are racially Russians. But eastern Galicia, northern Bukovina and Carpatho-Russia, taken by Stalin respectively from Poland, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia, belonged to the Austro-Hungarian empire before 1914.

The first of the Soviet annexations, that of eastern Poland, began Sept. 17, 1939, 16 days after Hitler's attack on that country, by prearrangement with the invaders. As Soviet troops crossed the Polish frontiers, the Kremlin addressed a note to the Polish ambassador in Moscow apprising him that his country and its government had "ceased to exist."

This was prelude to partition between nazi Germany and Russia, in which the latter obtained a little over half of Poland's territory and a third of its population. Vast numbers of Poles, 1½ million, according to the most common Polish estimate, were deported to distant parts of Russia as forced labor.

After the nazis attacked Russia, Stalin specifically repudiated his partition of Poland, only to claim the territory once more when the tide of war began to turn in his favor. According to the

Yalta agreement, the frontier drawn by Molotov and Ribbentrop was modified slightly in Poland's favor to conform to the so-called Curzon line, a temporary demarcation established by the Supreme Allied council in 1919.

The three independent Baltic republics, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, were first forced by Moscow threats to sign "mutual-assistance pacts," giving Russia the right to take over bases and station military forces on their territory. Molotov denounced those who foresaw the move as a stage in a planned annexation.

Nevertheless, in June, 1940, Moscow sent ultimatums to the three republics, demanding free passage of troops and establishment of "friendly" or Soviet-dictated governments. This military occupation was followed by the familiar totalitarian "elections." Then the parliaments thus "elected" applied for admission of their respective countries into the Soviet Union. Sumner Welles, then Undersecretary of State, publicly denounced "the devious processes." At this writing, Washington still considers those countries independent and sovereign.

Finland chose to resist. Mediation of the League of Nations was rejected by Moscow and the Soviet Union was expelled from the organization as an aggressor.

Finnish resistance was unexpectedly strong; but her defense positions were pierced and peace was concluded March 12, 1940. The USSR obtained Viipuri, the naval base of Hangö, and a stretch of territory on the Isthmus of

Karelia, from which the population fled in an informal plebiscite. Subjected to further Soviet pressure, Finland entered the war on the side of Germany in June, 1941, and was defeated in the summer of 1944. She was obliged to cede Russia the Arctic port of Petsamo and land on the peninsula of Porkkala which commands the capital, Helsinki, in addition to territories surrendered in 1940.

All these western neighbors had concluded, on Moscow's initiative, nonaggression and neutrality treaties with the Soviet Union in 1932. A supplementary convention, on July 3, 1933, likewise Soviet-sponsored, defined aggression in explicit terms as covering not only war but attack or invasion without declaration of hostilities. Violating the treaties, Russia stood condemned as an aggressor by its own definition.

Pressure on Rumania also began while Moscow was still operating under the Stalin-Hitler pact. Following a Soviet ultimatum, Rumania began evacuating Bessarabia and northern Bukovina on June 28, 1940, and Red troops moved in. Moscow had a better technical case in its seizure of Bessarabia than in other annexations. Whereas all its other western frontiers had been repeatedly recognized by the Soviet Union as legitimate, permanent, and inviolable, Rumanian possession of Bessarabia had never been acknowledged as legal by the Soviet regime. Northern Bukovina, on the other hand, had never belonged to Russia.

Soon after the end of hostilities with

Germany, the Soviet Union also took over Carpatho-Ukraine, a hilly, socially primitive extension of Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovak government, by that time firmly within the Soviet sphere, offered no opposition.

The Kuriles, a chain of volcanic islands, guarding the Sea of Okhotsk north of Japan, were annexed as booty when Japan fell. Subsequently it appeared that this action had been agreed to in advance by Roosevelt and Churchill. Russia had given up its claim to the Kuriles in 1875, in return for Japanese agreement to Russian possession of Sakhalin. After the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5, Japan took over the southern half of Sakhalin, and this, too, the Soviet Union now reacquired.

The annexation of Tannu Tuva was merely an administrative adjustment. A primitive little community wedged between Siberia and Outer Mongolia, it had long been a Soviet protectorate. Annexation of the Koenigsberg region was purely strategic, rounding out the new Soviet possessions in the Baltic.

None of these expansions, it should be emphasized, was accompanied by a free plebiscite to determine people's preferences. Some were made at the expense of Axis countries, others at the expense of Russia's allies. All were violations of the Atlantic Charter provision against "territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned."

The Soviet government, by its nature and historical experience, is especially well qualified to dominate foreign countries through what has become

known as the "quisling" method. In any country the Soviet Union takes over by the puppet technique, there are sure to be fanatical communists whose first allegiance is to Moscow rather than to their own fatherlands. The training of future puppets for all countries has been carried on systematically by Russia in special schools for foreign adherents.

Methods of Soviet indirect annexation vary from country to country. In Europe one may discern three main patterns: 1. military occupation plus a communist-dominated government; 2. Soviet military control without a communist-dominated government; 3. coalition governments in which communists hold strategic posts without military occupation. Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia conform to the first pattern; Hungary and the Soviet-occupied parts of Austria and Germany to the second; Czechoslovakia, Albania, and Finland to the third.

The most powerful figures in the present Polish government, men like Bierut, Radkiewicz, Gomolka, Berma, are all Moscow-trained communists. Substantial Red forces are in occupation and take part in the repression of nationalist guerilla activity.

In Bulgaria the former head of the Communist International, Georgi Dimitrov, and communist stalwarts like Anton Yugov and Tsola Dragoi-cheva, are the real masters, though a number of former fascist leaders now "converted" to Stalinism hold the top offices. The single-list elections gave the familiar totalitarian result, a 95%

victory for the official and only slate.

The communist bosses in Rumania are Lucretiu Patrascanu and Anna Pauker. In concession to Anglo-American pressure, two opposition men have been added to the cabinet, where they are a helpless minority and not even convincing camouflage. No elections have yet been held.

Russian occupation forces are a heavy burden on Rumania and Bulgaria. There are also some Russian troops in Yugoslavia, though the Tito dictatorship is now probably firmly enough entrenched to stand on its own large military and police forces. One by one the democratic political figures who tried to work with Tito have passed out of the picture, so that the regime is becoming more and more an all-out communist dictatorship.*

In Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Bulgaria there has been no attempt to impose the Soviet economic system outright. But large-scale confiscation and socialization are under way.

Free elections were held in Hungary and Austria and resulted in severe defeats for the communists. However, Soviet military and economic control has not been affected by the elections and is still ruthlessly exercised. In eastern Germany, where extreme brutalities were practiced during the first period of the Soviet occupation, the present trend is toward a more positive Soviet policy. Russia is forcing an amalgamation of the communists and Social Democrats and using this combination as its instrument of control.

*See *Catholic Nation at Stake*, p. 18.

Soviet troops have been withdrawn from Czechoslovakia, but local communists hold the strategic ministries of education and interior, and distribution of newsprint favors the communist press. Soviet influence is exalted, the UNRRA contribution to rehabilitation slighted, and an exclusive alliance with the Soviet Union has been concluded.

There has been as yet no direct annexation in the Far East. But the very terms of the Soviet-Chinese treaty of Aug. 14, 1945, giving the Soviet Union joint control of the Manchurian railways, the right to maintain naval bases in Port Arthur, and preferential rights in Dairen, give Russia a commanding influence. Besides, the Soviet Union has gone far beyond the treaty terms. It disregarded several dates for evacuation of its troops. Meanwhile, it carried out a prodigious looting of Manchurian industrial equipment. If and when all Soviet troops are finally withdrawn, China will get an empty shell. Moreover, local communists have been strongly encouraged and militarily equipped by the Russian occupation authorities both in Manchuria and northern Korea.

A long-standing anomaly was eliminated when Outer Mongolia voted for affiliation with the Soviet Union, not with China, in what must have been the model totalitarian plebiscite of all history. Between 600,000 and 700,000 Mongols cast their ballots for the Soviet Union—not even one voted for China. How far Soviet influence prevails in the considerable area of North

China, which is under the more or less firm control of the Chinese communist armies, is uncertain.

The facts of Soviet expansion are obvious and indisputable. Soviet apologists tend to excuse the whole phenomenon with the one word *security*. Every conqueror tends more or less sincerely to rationalize his conquests in terms of assuring the safety of his country. But Soviet foreign policy is abetted by an element that did not enter into the calculations of other expansionist powers: the world-wide appeal and organization of communism. It gives Stalin both a revolutionary justification for aggression and ready-to-hand fifth columns in every country.

In many cases Stalin is picking up the unfinished business of czarist diplomacy. He has retaken most of the territory lost by Russia in the 1st World War, together with vast new territories. But the czars could not count on fanatic support in foreign countries. There was never a party in France, for instance, exercising a major influence on French policies and taking its orders from Russia, as today. There were never large numbers of Americans, Canadians, Britons, Chinese, whose primary allegiance was to Russia, as today. The czarist regime could not have inspired yelling throngs in New York City to go all out in support of its foreign policy, as Stalin's regime was able to do recently during Churchill's visit.

It is this universal element in communist doctrine, with a world federal-

tion of Soviet republics as the shining if distant goal, which makes it impossible to assign any "natural" or reasonable limits to Soviet expansionist urges. Recently, in his pre-election speech, Stalin reaffirmed the traditional communist dogma that the "Socialist Fatherland" in Russia is unsafe as long as there is a "capitalist encirclement." If we accept this literally, then security for the Soviet Union can come only with the complete sovietization of the world.

No doubt, rank-and-file zealots of communism everywhere do mean this literally. On the other hand, unless Stalin is suffering from paranoia or has lost control of his own military machine (and there is no convincing evi-

dence for either assumption) it seems incredible that the Soviet Union would risk a military showdown with the western powers at this stage.

Russia's human and material losses in the war have been too great. Stalin is too well aware that Soviet technique in aviation and industrial production is inferior to America's. As far as we know, he does not possess the atom bomb. Russian naval power is negligible. Besides, the Soviet Union needs time to digest the immense areas it has already swallowed. We must assume therefore that the current Soviet dynamism will stop short of a line where, in Stalin's judgment, America and Great Britain will fight rather than yield.



Symbolism Quiz Answers

(Page 39)

1. Chi and Rho, Greek letters corresponding to *ch* and *r*, hence an abbreviation for *Christ*.
2. A fish. The Greek name for fish is *ichthus*. These letters form an acrostic, being the initial letters of the words: "*Iesous Christos Theou Uios Soter*" which mean in English: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour."
3. Alpha and Omega. The first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, hence, symbolize God, the beginning and the end of all things.
4. The peacock or the phoenix. Both thought by the ancients to be immortal, hence symbols of immortality.
5. Lamp. Symbol of wisdom and of Christ, the Light of the World.
6. Crossed palm branches. Sign of triumph or victory; also of martyrdom.
7. Wheat and grapes. Symbols of the Holy Eucharist, as are, of course, the chalice and host.
8. Heart, anchor, and cross. Symbolize the three theological virtues: the heart, charity; the anchor, hope; the cross, faith.
9. I H S. The first three letters of the name Jesus as written in Greek. Also these three letters could stand for the Latin *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, i. e., "Jesus, Saviour of Men."

With punch and rhetoric

MONSIGNOR SMITH *Edits the News*

By BARRON B. BESHUAR

Condensed from *Coronet**

THE DENVER *Register* is the largest Catholic newspaper enterprise in the world. Founder, editor, and manager of the system is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Matthew J. W. Smith, Ph.D., LL.D., Jour. D.

The Monsignor, as he is known to everyone in Denver, has ideas on editing and publishing that would horrify his contemporaries in the daily newspaper field; but the fact that he has developed a system of 32 diocesan newspapers and a national edition with a combined circulation of 675,000 a week puts him in the authority class.

From the \$500,000 plant in the shadow of the Rockies, newspapers go out weekly to dioceses in every part of the U. S. Each is an individual newspaper: the Central California *Register*, the Nevada *Register*, the St. Louis *Register*, and on down a long list. The national edition, known simply as the *Register*, is published for Sunday distribution.

Each newspaper has its own diocesan editor, but much of the editing and actual make-up and printing are done in Denver. In each instance, the bishop of the diocese has solicited the *Register* to print his newspaper; there is no written contract, only an oral agreement between the bishop and Monsignor Smith.

He has built this journalistic phenomenon through business acumen, editorial sense combined with punchy writing, and a fanatical devotion to rhetoric.

W. H. Schwartz, the veteran editor who gave young Matt Smith his first job on the morning *Tribune* in his native Altoona, Pa., worked his protégé at one editorial job after another. At the same time he put him through an intensive course in English and American classics. Not long after, young Smith, alarmed by tuberculosis in other members of his family, headed West. He became editor of the Denver

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(Coronet, May, 1946.)

Catholic Register when he was only 22.

The paper was then owned by Father Hugh L. McMenamin and a group of Catholic laymen. Only about half of the 2,800 subscribers were paying for their weekly paper. The other assets, effectively offset by a \$4,000 debt, were a desk, two chairs and an ancient typewriter. When he entered St. Thomas seminary in Denver to study for the priesthood, he continued editing the *Register*.

Today, with 3 to 4 million faithful readers each week, Monsignor Smith still believes that good English is the first requisite of a newspaper. This idea has led him into fields strange to his trade. For example, he conducts a college of journalism and grants degrees to staff members who complete the courses.

When a man starts on the *Register*, his first chore is to read ten selected books on journalism. When the employee begins his editorial tasks, he is invited to attend college on office time. He studies philosophy under priests from St. Thomas seminary, rhetoric under professors from the University of Denver, and journalism under the Monsignor himself. If a student lags, the *Register* hires a tutor.

"We run a religious newspaper, and I can't have staff members falling over cliffs when they make a statement in print," the Monsignor tells you. "And we can't have heresies cropping up in the *Register*."

His college has produced several scholars, much to the Monsignor's delight. One staff member who started

out to be a reporter now translates ancient works from Latin into idiomatic English for use in college classrooms.

Students suspect that the Monsignor would like to have the classes conducted in Latin. He hasn't broached the idea yet, but they shiver when he tells them, "There is an infallible test for a well-written newspaper story. If it will translate into Latin, it is written in good English." And then he growls, "Most of them will not translate."

Editorials in the national edition are written by Monsignor Smith under the caption, "Listening In." He writes with both fists. He never attacks Protestants or other religious groups, but often corrects them. He gave strong support to Franco during the Spanish war, but stoutly maintained the Falangist leader was merely "the lesser of two evils."

Of one thing his readers are certain, his editorials will follow the papal encyclicals. If an editorial deals with capital and labor, the Monsignor will be waving a papal flag at the vested interests. Some of his editorials supporting the CIO have sent wealthy Catholic laymen screaming to their pastors, and have caused business agents to regard labor newspapers as anemic.

The Monsignor has a ready explanation. "This newspaper adheres to the theology and sociology of the Church. That means we stand with the masses."

During Ku Klux Klan rule in Colorado in the 1920's, the Monsignor was often attacked. When the Klan planted

a young woman in St. Rose's, a residential home where the Monsignor lives, he discovered the plot, instructed the woman in the Catholic faith, and baptized her. From that time until the Klan was no more, he lived and worked with a bodyguard at his side.

Much of the copy reaching the editorial room has been scribbled in pencil by parish correspondents who have little knowledge of news writing. Although such copy would put the average rewrite man in a psychiatric ward, *Register* staff members patiently rewrite it under constant urging to find something newsworthy in it.

Typical of bulletin-board notices was this one: "Watch for the more sensational item! Keep out of the rut! This is your test as a journalist—to make what is dull into something attractive. Write with fire! And, dear friends, occasionally read the style sheet and remember that no one but the editor has a right to introduce any changes in style. If you think changes should be made, consult me. I am open to reason."

The "dear friends" mutter softly at the Monsignor, but they take his needling notices to heart. They know that newspaper blood flows hotly through

Monsignor Smith's veins. Priests come from every state to study journalism under him. They spend two or three years in his busy news room, go away to edit real newspapers.

Salaries are comparable to those paid on Denver's daily newspapers. There are other attractions, too. For all his tough-sounding bulletins, the Monsignor loves his journalists. If one of them is in financial trouble, the Monsignor straightens it out with a check. When one becomes a father, a check to cover expenses appears on his desk.

The *Register* makes money. It has ever since Monsignor Smith took it over, excepting the first year. He early acquired considerable stock, but today the sole owner is the Archdiocese of Denver; the Monsignor presented his stock to the Church.

His ambition through the years was to put the *Denver Register* in every Catholic home in the diocese and build up a national circulation of 100,000. At 54, he has achieved both ambitions and has moved his sights up. Now he wants a national circulation of 200,000, "which would make another million readers every week."

Those who know him believe he will hit his new target.



As Christians, we know that there are no such things as "Negro rights" or "white rights." There are only human rights which Negro and white and brown and yellow all claim equally as members of the human family and children of God. In every way the Christian approach to the problem is the soundest, the truest, and the safest.

Clare Boothe Luce in an address in Washington, D. C. (12 Feb. '46).

Utopia IN MISSOURI

By F. A. BEHYMER

Condensed from the St. Louis

*Post-Dispatch**

Where policemen are all unemployed

THE SIGN on the highway at the edge of the Missouri village says this is Indian Creek, population 41, "A Good Place to Live." It is a good place to live because it is the abiding place of good will, real neighborliness, and friendliness, famed far and wide. For more than 110 years the township of which it is a part has never needed a constable or justice of the peace, and no one has gone to law.

The reason may be that the Indian Creek pioneers were friends, driven by a common urge and seeking the same satisfactions, new homes in a new land and escape from strife. They have died, but their children and children's children have taken their places and carried on the high purposes that were part of their heritage.

They had oneness of faith, those pioneers, and their descendants have been true to that faith. The church on the hill above the creek, with the cross above it, is the symbol of that faith and

the assurance that Indian Creek will continue to be a good place to live.

Indian Creek is an exclusively Catholic community, as it has been ever since Father Peter Paul Lefebvre came, before 1833, and planted the cross on the hill. Just when he came no one knows, but 1833 was the year in which the first parish records were written. They tell of the first Baptism, that of Mary Ann Green on Feb. 12, 1833, and of the second, a slave child, Washington Green, on March 24, 1833. There is a record, too, of the first parish marriage, that of Thomas Yates and Eliza Pierceall, in 1835, members of families that came across the sea with Lord Baltimore, settled at Elizabethtown, Ky., and later migrated to Missouri. Seeking timbered and watered land, they found it along Indian Creek, and built cabins.

In the church records are the family names that bind together the history of the community: Buckman, Hagan, Yates, Pierceall, Carrico, Hardesty, Miles, Green, Wimsatt, Mudd, Hays, Montgomery, Spalding, McLeod and others, whose descendants down to the fourth and fifth generations remain.

Likely it was not planned that the community would be exclusively Catholic, but those who first came were of that faith, and they sent back word to their relatives and friends that this was a goodly land, blessed by the ministrations of the Church, and others, like-minded, came.

There was a log church at first, but in good time a brick church was built.

*St. Louis, Mo. March 11, 1946.

It stood until 1876, when a tornado leveled it, along with the homes of villagers and farmers. The rebuilt church burned in 1907, and was replaced by the present structure.

Since Father Lefebvre, 33 priests have served St. Stephen's. Three became Bishops. Serving the parish now, as he has since March, 1940, is Father P. J. Gannon, who came from Canton, Mo. The 60 or 70 families of the parish are scattered through the township, but Indian Creek is the center of their civic and religious life. Here they send their children to school. Here they come on Saturdays to buy, barter, and visit at Mart Williams's store, and here on Sunday they come to the church. Here in the cemetery beside the church rest the pioneers and their descendants; the little village harbors a greater number of the dead than the living, but kinsmen all, as the names on the grave-stones and mailboxes show.

Indian Creek village is still small, because many children of the old families have married and gone; but the village is dear to them and they always come back to the church festivals and

community celebrations, as many as 1,000 when conditions are favorable.

The community is sufficient unto itself. Grade and high schools are conducted by the Benedictine Sisters. The parish buildings, church, schools, rectory, and convent compose half the town.

Most of the children are related, many of them first cousins. Large families are the rule. Last year, out of one family of 11 children seven were in school. Out of the parish, 50 boys went to war; only one died.

Father Gannon confirms the assertion that never has the township needed a law officer, and never has there been any litigation among the parishioners. Disputes there may have been in earlier times; but if there were any, they were settled by the priests. Not in many years has there been any dispute that called even for the intervention of the priest.

Father Gannon explains it thus: "It is simply that here in St. Stephen's parish the people have learned to love their neighbors as themselves. There should be more of that in the world."



Communist Millionaires

Though the industrial leaders of Russia have no income from rents and profits, they are paid in proportion to average wages much higher salaries than executives in other countries. Consequently, a number of those Russians are now millionaires. The first to achieve this status, three years ago, was Kalpe Berdybekov, director of a state farm in the Kazak republic.

Freling Foster in *Collier's* (23 Feb. '46).

Fan-Fare

By
EVELYN
WAUGH

Condensed from *Life**



FREQUENTLY, unobtrusively, in the last 17 years I have had books published in the U. S. A. No one noticed them. Now, unseasonably, I find I have written a "best seller." "Unseasonably," because the time has passed when the event brings any substantial reward. In a civilized age this unexpected moment of popularity would have endowed me with a competency for life. But perhaps in a civilized age I should not be so popular. As it is, the politicians confiscate my earnings, and I am left with the correspondence from ladies all over the U. S.

This is something new to me, for Englishwomen do not write letters to men they do not know. Even before the war English readers were seldom seen or heard. I have momentarily become an object of curiosity to Americans, and I find that they believe that my friendship and confidence are included in the price of my book.

Please believe, ladies, it is not sloth or "snootiness" that prevents my writing to you individually. It is simply that I cannot afford it. The royalty on your copy, by the time I have paid my taxes, literally does not leave me the price of a stamp.

You require to know what I look like? I am 42 years old, in good health, stockily built. Tailors and hairdressers and hosiers of the small parish of St. James, London, do all they can to render a naturally commonplace appearance completely inconspicuous. I live in a shabby stone house in the country, where nothing is under 100 years old except the plumbing, and that does not work. I collect old books in an inexpensive, desultory way. I have a fast-emptying cellar of wine and gardens fast reverting to jungle. I am contentedly married, have numerous children. In the first ten years of adult life I made a large number of friends. Now on the average I make one new one a year and lose two.

It was not always thus with me. In youth I gadded about, and in those years and in the 2nd World War I collected enough experience to last several lifetimes of novel writing. If you hear a novelist say he needs to collect "copy," be sure he is no good. When I gadded, among savages and people of fashion and politicians and crazy generals, it was because I enjoyed them. I have settled down now because I ceased to enjoy them and because I have found a much more abiding interest, the English language. My father, who was a

**Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City, 20. April 8, 1946.*

EVELYN WAUGH

Evelyn Waugh, the most promising English novelist of the decade preceding the 2nd World War, currently appears destined to be the most important English novelist of the decade following it. His *Brideshead Revisited*, which Mr. Waugh himself discusses with grace and wisdom in the accompanying article, is a best seller both in England and the U. S.

Evelyn is son of the late Arthur Waugh, head of the British publishing firm of Chapman & Hall. He went to school at Lancing and Oxford. His earlier novels, *Decline and Fall* (1929), *Vile Bodies* (1930), *A Handful of Dust* (1934), *Scoop* (1938), and *Put Out More Flags* (1942), were brilliant satirical studies of the eccentric between-wars society to which he belonged. In addition, he wrote travel books and a biography of the 16th-century Jesuit, Edmund Campion, which won the Hawthornden prize in 1936. The startling contrast between Waugh's fictional and biographical subjects was reflected in his private life. In the gay company of Oxford, Mayfair, Paris and the south of France, he led a life of intense personal piety, and was converted to Catholicism in 1930.

Waugh witnessed the prelude to the 2nd World War as a war correspondent in Abyssinia. When more extensive hostilities started in 1939, he joined the Royal Marines, later shifting to the Commandos. Captain Waugh parachuted into Yugoslavia. Proofs of *Brideshead Revisited* were parachuted to him and he corrected them while hiding in a cave.

respected literary critic of his day, first imbued me with the desire to learn this language, of which he had a mastery. I did not set out to be a writer. My first ambition was to paint. I had little talent, but I enjoyed it as, I believe, many very bad writers enjoy writing. I spent some time at an art school. Those hours with the plaster casts taught me to enjoy architecture, just as the hours

with the Greek paradigms, now forgotten, taught me to enjoy reading English.

I have never, until quite lately, enjoyed writing. I am lazy, and it is intensely hard work. I wanted to be a man of the world, and I took to writing as I might have taken to archaeology or diplomacy or any other profession as a means of coming to terms with the world. Now I see it as an end in itself.

That, I think, answers the second question so often put to me in the last few weeks: "When can we expect another *Brideshead Revisited*?" Never. I can never hope to engage your attention again in quite the same way. I have already shaken off one American critic, Mr. Edmund Wilson, who once professed a generous interest in me. He was outraged (quite legitimately by his standards) at finding God introduced into my story. I believe that you can only leave God out by making your characters pure abstractions. Countless admirable writers succeed in this. Henry James was the last of them. The failure of modern novelists since and including James Joyce is one of presumption and exorbitance. They are not content with the artificial figures which hitherto passed so gracefully as men and women. They try to represent the whole human mind and soul and yet omit its determining character, that of being God's creature with a defined purpose.

So in my future books there will be two things to make them unpopular: a preoccupation with style and the attempt to represent man more fully,

which, to me, means only one thing, man in his relation to God.

A lady in Hempstead, N. Y., asked me whether I consider my characters "typical." No, I do not. A novelist has no business with types. The artist is interested only in individuals. The statesman who damned the age with the name "the Century of the Common Man" neglected to notice the simple, historical fact that it is the artists, not the statesmen, who decide the character of a period. The Common Man does not exist. He is an abstraction invented by bores for bores. Everyone is an individual. Do not ask, when you read a story, "Is this the behavior common to such and such an age group, income group, psychologically conditioned group?" but, "Why did these particular people behave in this particular way?" Otherwise you are wasting your time in reading works of imagination.

Another more intelligent question is often asked: "Are your characters drawn from life?" In the broadest sense, of course they are. None except one or two negligible minor figures is a portrait; all the major characters are the result of numberless diverse observations fusing in the imagination into a single whole. My problem has been to distill comedy and sometimes tragedy from the knockabout farce of people's outward behavior. Men and women as I see them would not be creditable if they were literally transcribed; for instance, the international journalists whom I met for a few delirious weeks in Addis Ababa, some of

whose abandoned acts I tried to introduce into *Scoop*.

As for the major characters, I really have very little control over them. I start them off with certain preconceived notions of what they will do and say in certain circumstances but constantly find them moving another way. For example, there was the heroine of *Put Out More Flags*, a Mrs. Lyne. I had no idea until halfway through the book that she drank secretly. I could not understand why she behaved so oddly. Then when she sat down suddenly on the steps of the cinema I understood all, and I had to go back and introduce a series of empty bottles into her flat.

A Handful of Dust, on the other hand, began at the end. I had written a short story about a man trapped in the jungle, ending his days reading Dickens aloud. The idea came naturally from the experience of visiting a lonely settler of that kind and reflecting how easily he could hold me prisoner. Then, after the short story was written and published, the idea kept working in my mind. I wanted to discover how the prisoner got there, and eventually the thing grew into a study of other sorts of savage at home and the civilized man's helpless plight among them.

People sometimes say to me, "I met someone exactly like a character out of one of your books." I meet them everywhere, not by choice but luck. I believe the world is populated by them. Before the war it was sometimes said that I must move in a very peculiar circle.

Then I joined the Army and served six years, mostly with regular soldiers, who are reputed to be uniformly conventional. I found myself under the command and in the mess with one man of startling singularity after another. I have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as normality. That is what makes storytelling such an absorbing task, the attempt to reduce to order the anarchic raw materials of life.

That leads to another question: "Are your books meant to be satirical?" No. Satire is a matter of period. It flourishes in a stable society and presupposes homogeneous moral standards, the early Roman empire and 18th-century Europe. It is aimed at inconsistency and hypocrisy. It exposes polite cruelty and folly by exaggerating them. It seeks to produce shame. All this has no place in the Century of the Common Man where vice no longer pays lip service to virtue. The artist's only service to the disintegrated society of today is to create little independent systems of order of his own. I foresee in the dark age opening that the scribes may play the part of the monks after the first barbarian victories. They were not satirists.

A final question: "Do you consider *Brideshead Revisited* your best book?" Yes. *A Handful of Dust*, my favorite hitherto, dealt entirely with behavior. It was humanist and contained all I

had to say about humanism. *Brideshead Revisited* is vastly more ambitious; perhaps less successful, but I am not deterred either by popular applause or critical blame from being rather proud of the attempt. In particular I am not the least worried about the charge of using clichés. I do not believe that a serious writer has ever shied from an expression because it has been used before. It is the writer of advertisements who is always straining to find bizarre epithets for commonplace objects.

Nor am I worried at the charge of snobbery. Class consciousness, particularly in England, has been so much inflamed nowadays that to mention a nobleman is like mentioning a prostitute 60 years ago. The new prudes say, "No doubt such people do exist, but we would sooner not hear about them." I reserve the right to deal with the kind of people I know best.

One criticism does deeply discourage me: a post card from a man in Alexandria, Va. He says: "Your *Brideshead Revisited* is a strange way to show that Catholicism is an answer to anything. Seems more like the kiss of Death." I can only say I am sorry; I did my best. I am not quite clear what you mean by the "kiss of Death," but I am sure it is gruesome. Is it something to do with halitosis? If so, I have failed indeed, and my characters have got wildly out of hand once more.

It's no trick to keep your principles on a high plane. The hard part is to stay up there with them.

Collegian Reporter.

Slum reform from within

We Did It Ourselves

By HELENA
HUNTINGTON SMITH

THE PART of Chicago known as Back of the Yards—meaning the stockyards, of course—was once a pestilential slum, with a perverted fame in realistic novels and sociological studies. Today, though still no garden spot, this city-of-100,000-within-a-city is doing very nicely, thanks to the Back of the Yards Neighborhood council.

Technically the council is an organization of organizations: churches, schools, labor unions, welfare groups, social and athletic clubs, Veterans of Foreign Wars, 185 organizations of every kind. Chicago's progressive Bishop Bernard J. Sheil is its honorary director; the stout pillars of the council are that supposedly conservative institution, the Catholic Church, and that supposedly radical one, the CIO Packinghouse Workers' union, standing together in glorious agreement. Businessmen are active, too. Joe Meegan, a former high-school teacher, is executive secretary.

The community-council idea was primarily the brain child of Saul Alinsky, a young sociologist at the University of Chicago. Today his book about



Condensed from the
*Woman's Home Companion**

it, *Reveille for Radicals*, is a best seller. But in 1937 he was already writing articles in professional journals. His startlingly simple conception was that hatreds, prejudices, and antagonisms would disappear once people got to know each other through working together; and his practical next point was that you could get them to work together by proving to them that it paid. Bishop Sheil, who had founded the Catholic Youth Organization seven years earlier, put all his force behind Alinsky's idea, and it began to grow.

The idea of getting together worked all through the community like some divine leaven. And when Meegan and Alinsky got together, something big was bound to come of it. The something big came early in 1939.

The council was started before the year was out, and by the next year there was a school-lunch program in operation. "The first thing they learned was to eat democracy," says Joe Meegan. "At first you'd have an Irish kid, for example, coming in and saying, 'I won't eat alongside that Mexican boy.' All right, he didn't eat. Pretty

*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. May, 1946.

soon, when he saw how good it was and that all the others were eating, he changed his mind."

While the council certainly has not abolished race hatreds, it has definitely made them unfashionable; whenever a hint of interracial trouble appears, it is promptly and efficiently squelched.

Peter Brown, a soft-spoken middle-aged Negro on the council's fair-play committee, told me how the rumor clinic operates. When Packingtown people started spreading a story recently that Negroes were pushing white people around on crowded streetcars and buses, six priests buttoned up their overcoat collars and rode as passengers during rush hours. They found that the cars were jam-packed; Negroes were pushing no more and no less than anyone else. Their findings were preached from all Back-of-the-Yards pulpits and the rumor promptly expired.

Because 90% of the people are Catholic, the Church naturally dominates the scene. But one of the most active members of the council is Rev. Herman Brauer, pastor of the German Lutheran church.

Led by Sol Iglow, a jeweler, the storekeepers, who are mostly Jewish, contributed hundreds of dollars to send missals and prayer books to neighborhood boys in the armed forces.

The whole community pitched in to help build a church for the Mexicans. Though they had been in the area 20 years, they were always too poor to have a church of their own.

In the old days many landlords be-

came suddenly deaf when people complained of broken stairs and stopped-up toilets. Accordingly, the council decided to undertake a housing survey. The 3,100 violations reported were brought politely but forcibly before the city building and health commissioners. That action brought results.

"Juvenile delinquency used to be terrible," said Harry Wispe, manager of a department store. "We always expected a wave of shoplifting at Christmas. Youngsters would grab armfuls of stuff and run like mad. This year we were ready, but the wave never developed."

"Halloween used to be almost as bad, with kids soaping dirty words on the window fronts and smashing them, too," Wispe added. "But a few years back Joe started asking us for donations of cake, cookies, and candy, and there was a big Halloween party for the kids at the council's headquarters. We hold the party every year now, and believe it or not, there's no trouble."

When a youngster is caught stealing he isn't turned over to the police, given a black mark on his record, and perhaps started on the road to real crime. Instead he goes before a court consisting of his school principal, parents, parish priest, and council officials, with the district police captain sitting in, all strictly off the record. According to Mrs. Anna Kolar, who has kept her faith in humanity bright after 20 years as probation officer, "They'd rather be brought before a judge in a strange court any day, than before their own family and friends!"

Last year a 17-year-old boy was caught shoplifting, and in his human little tale you can see the soundness of the neighborhood approach. It turned out that his mother was ill and the family so desperately poor that he couldn't have anything other boys had, not even decent clothes. In a typical solution, council members found an after-school job for him; the merchants from whom he had stolen gave him some clothes; and his parents were given a hand with their medical expenses. The boy never repeated and the family was set on its feet.

"One of the first things we thought of was health," says Meegan. "In those days in our part of Chicago one out of every ten babies died in the first two years." Confidently the council started an infant-welfare station in Davis Park, but few mothers showed up with their babies. Why not a healthy-baby contest? Mothers and babies flocked in. But to mother after mother the doctors whispered, "Your baby has rickets"; whispered, so as not to hurt her pride. This brought up the matter of orange juice. The market was checked to see if oranges were available at

prices people could afford. The virtue of orange juice was hammered home from pulpits, printed in the *Back of the Yards Journal*, discussed at club and union meetings. The children got their oranges, and rickets disappeared.

What the council has accomplished is only half the story. Biggest news of all is the cooperation between Church and labor and business. This is the new civic pattern, the triangle on which the whole structure rests. You will hear more of it because the movement has spread to Cleveland, South St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, to mention a few. Those other community councils are as different from Back of the Yards as one American family is different from another, but pattern and spirit are identical.

The people Back of the Yards have a splendidly chesty attitude regarding their ability to solve their own problems. "We got tired of being guinea pigs," I was told repeatedly. "Social workers would come in here, look us over, and say, 'How terrible!'; then go away and write a book. But nobody ever did anything till we did it ourselves."



Shock

George Glasgow, British writer on diplomacy and finance, opening a series of lectures by noted converts on "Why I Became a Catholic," said that when he went home to tell his wife he had decided to become a Catholic he expected her to be shocked. Instead, it was he who was surprised, he related, for Mrs. Glasgow said, "So have I." Unknown to each other they had both been studying Catholicism.

The Savior's Call (May '46).

GUARANTEED WAGES

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

Eventually, why not now?

THIRTY-FIVE years ago Louis D. Brandeis wrote: "Irregularity of employment is the greatest of industrial wastes, and one of the main causes of social demoralization. This irregularity can be overcome in large measure, but it will often involve a reorganization of the methods and scope of all business in a particular trade as well as a reorganization of the business of individual concerns." What Mr. Brandeis said remains true today. Irregularity of employment continues; even the war effort only reduced, did not eliminate, it. We may expect it as a major characteristic of peacetime economy. And it is still true that this irregularity can be overcome in large measures if, to quote Philip Murray, it is given "the best cooperative effort of all groups of citizens." Bishop Sheil puts it very succinctly: "I believe that the guaranteed annual wage for the working man is just; it is socially necessary; it is economically feasible; it is a democratic imperative."

We are all thoroughly aware of the phenomenon of cyclical depressions—painfully and personally aware if we are more than 25. To this question libraries have been dedicated and endless solutions proposed. But in addition to its being cyclical, our economy is seasonal or periodic. Obviously the

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

shopkeeper, automobile manufacturer, farmer know it is a regular part of their lives. But they have mastered it—often by the simple expedient of passing its burden on to employees. With reasonable accuracy they can provide against it, but for the ordinary worker this is next to impossible. The things which produce "Closed this week" signs on his factory are beyond his computation, and it is beyond his computation to know how often or how long that sign will hang in any year. The results are deeply demoralizing. Yet the extraordinary thing about this aspect of our economy is that we know so little about it. No department or agency in the federal government can give any accurate picture of just how seasonal employment is in any given industry. Some long and notoriously seasonal occupations, especially the building trades, can have figures assigned them by the unions involved, who are not always eager to make their statistics available. Even in seasonal industries labor unions do not know accurately how many days of a given year their members are laid off. Thus the CIO in an official pamphlet, *Guaranteed Wages the Year Round*, says vaguely: "In steel, wage earners (before the war) often had only three days' work a week. In autos many had

a chance to work only six or eight months a year."

The Bureau of the Census is now undertaking a survey in some industries. When the results are made public, probably toward the end of this year, we can for the first time measure the seasonal ups and downs of employment in statistical terms. The Social Security board, however, has annually published tables which give a vague indication of what goes on. The tables show, on a sampling basis, the number of persons working during one, two, three, or four quarters of the year, and the amounts each group earned. The tables do no more than supply hints from which we may guess facts. Thus if a person eligible under the Social Security act (which excludes agricultural workers, domestic servants, the self-employed, and some others) works for one week in a quarter, he has worked in that quarter. Consequently a man who has worked only four weeks in a given year may appear in the category of those working four quarters, while one who worked 13 weeks may be listed as having worked only in one quarter. But if one correlates total annual earnings with the number of quarters worked, the picture is a little clearer. Though not much clearer, for how many of those classified worked part time?

In any case, Social Security figures for the end of the '30's lead me to guess that over half our regularly employed labor force suffered from seasonal layoffs and had no other employment. What is more remarkable, the figures

for 1943, when we supposedly had "full employment," lead me to suspect that during that year nearly a quarter of the regularly employed had less than 52 weeks' employment and many must have had considerably less. Thus 11% of four-quarter workers made less than \$800 in that year, 14% more made less than \$1,200. When we bear in mind the conditions prevalent during that year, with overtime frequent and hourly rates generally high, the significance of the figures becomes apparent.

Not long ago the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (AFL) published a table, "Estimated Annual Income of Construction Electrical Workers, 1931-1943." Remember that this table assumes an average hourly rate of about \$1.45.

1931	\$1,007
1932	634
1933	541
1934	696
1935	989
1936	1,570
1937	1,846
1938	1,537
1939	1,650
1940	1,900
1941	2,623
1942	3,280
1943	3,071

During the peace years, at the worst, the electrician had about ten weeks' employment out of 52; at the best, about 35. Admittedly the building trades are notoriously seasonal (though they need not be, as was amply demonstrated in war construction).

It has been remarked that only two occupations are proof against such fluctuations, bread baking and coffin building. Other industries are remark-

ably unaffected: clothing, food processing, and tobacco are specimens. Some are terribly hit by depressions but very little by seasons: machinery and tools. Some are made seasonal by factors beyond control: fruit and vegetable canning. But of all industries now seasonal, how many have to be?

Almost everyone has heard of the Hormel plan to spread workers' incomes over the year in the essentially seasonal line, meat packing and processing. It boils down to an attempt to give every worker a regular weekly pay check. Some weeks he may not work at all; other weeks he may put in many hours overtime. But he is sure of a given amount per week, and bonuses if production exceeds estimates. The CIO summarizes what happened.

Before and After

POPULATION (of Austin, Minn., where Hormel has its plant): 1934, 13,000; 1940, 20,000.

PAY: 1934—average weekly earnings for Hormel employees, \$21; 1944, \$50.

JOBS: 1929—3,336 workers, averaging 23 hours per week; 1944, 3,913 workers, averaging 50% more hours per week than in 1929.

HOUSING: Sections of the population formerly lived in a shantytown; now Austin is a city of homes. Three times as many houses were built in Austin as in other Minnesota towns of comparable size between 1934-40.

BUSINESS: Sales were subject to sharp rise and fall; credit was uncertain formerly; now retail sales are up 42%, wholesale sales up 70%, service receipts up 30%, since 1935. Employment in trade and services rose more than 20% by 1940.

Another scheme, far less widely known, is that of the Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. It operates on the basis that a given percentage of the wholesale value of

Nunn-Bush shoes produced shall constitute the reward for making them. Workers are given "drawing accounts" and under an elaborate system receive weekly "at least $\frac{1}{52}$ of the member's yearly differential rate." The majority of workers may not be laid off. We are told that, "according to the company, the main advantage of the plan is that it provides employees with regular pay and a guarantee against lay-off, but permits the adjustment of wages to changes in the price of the product."

The third of the large firms which has successfully carried over a period of years a plan to reduce seasonal lay-offs is likewise the largest, Proctor & Gamble. Here we have what is better described as "guaranteed employment," since the company reserves the right to shift a worker from a job at one rate of pay to a job at another; what is guaranteed (at present to approximately 70% of all employed) is 48 weeks' employment at full-time pay, including a week's vacation with pay. Richard R. Deupree, president, in a recent address before the American Management association told of countless and totally unexpected ways in which his firm benefited by its plan. One of the most interesting relates to cotton-seed-oil extraction, a process which nature has done all it can to make seasonal. P & G extraction plants which have gone on an annual basis produce not only cheaper but better oil than the commonplace seasonal plants operating only two months out of 12. And another interesting outcome is the "rationing" process, where-

by P & G retail outlets are shipped a steady stream of soaps and shortenings instead of one or two big shipments a year, with resultant economies in purchase of packaging materials. The process also evens out employment in the plants of firms from which P & G itself purchases.

Many other American businesses have tried to do something to reduce or eliminate seasonality in employment, some with success comparable to the three described. But most of those who have accomplished anything are small enterprises; larger companies have generally instituted only palliatives, perhaps because they were unwilling to make the genuine effort required to work out usable methods. Some of our leading financial and business leaders are convinced that in a general application of the annual (or guaranteed) wage lies the solution not only of our spotty employment problem but even, perhaps, of the problem of the cyclical depression. If we can, by evening out employment, make demand steadier, and key production to demand, may we not greatly decelerate the business cycle, perhaps even to the point of making it relatively painless?

Firms like General Motors, General Electric, men like Eric Johnston, Samuel S. Fils, Wendell Willkie have taken this whole business seriously. Yet, as of January, 1945, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, in an investigation of the extent of employment and annual-wage guaranty provisions in union agreements, found only 42,500 workers (out of the 8 million under examina-

tion) covered by such agreements, and of those only 12,500 were in manufacturing industries.

This is why many in Washington believe that any broad extension of annual-wage or guaranteed-wage plans will take place only through governmental intervention at one level or another. True, so far experience has been disheartening. Two major pieces of New Deal legislation contain provisions specifically intended to encourage such plans as Hormel, Nunn-Bush, or Proctor & Gamble have put into effect. The Social Security act permits state unemployment laws to grant a lower rate to employers who maintain a guaranteed employment account under which employees are guaranteed 30 hours of wages for each of 40 weeks in 12 months, with one weekly hour deducted for each added week guaranteed. And the Fair Labor Standards act exempts employers who have signed a union agreement guaranteeing employment on an annual basis from the payment of time and a half for overtime up to 12 hours a day and 56 hours a week, provided, however, that employees do not work more than 2,080 hours a year. In fairness it must be added, however, that the latter act rules out certain state laws. In other words, an employer cannot legally withhold money earned in one week (when work was heavy) and use it to equalize the pay envelope's contents in a week when work was light.

In 1944, United Steelworkers petitioned the War Labor board, requesting that U. S. Steel Corporation *et al*

assure a guaranteed minimum of 40 hours' pay for each week during life of the contract then in force. Hearings were held and the board denied the union's request on the ground that, in the form presented, it would subject industry to unwarranted financial risks. Such risks "could be reduced by modifications and safeguards worked out through collective bargaining; but, in the present state of the country's information on the subject, the board is not prepared to impose such guarantees by order." A separate report was made to the President, recommending appointment of an independent commission to study and recommend. In this letter to the President, Mr. Davis, chairman of the board, said: "A guaranteed annual wage is one of the main

aspirations of American workers. The search for it is a part of the search for continuity of employment, which is perhaps the most vital economic and social objective of our times." The President then passed the task on to the advisory board of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconstruction.

What recommendation will emerge we cannot tell, but the most desirable policy will be to encourage further such schemes as are already contained in the Social Security and Fair Labor Standards acts, including permission to withhold wages under certain circumstances and with certain safeguards. While no democratic government can guarantee full-time employment at standard wages, it can do more than we have to promote that end.

Scanty schooling

GI Stampede to College

By J. L. O'SULLIVAN

Condensed from *The Sign**

THERE WAS plenty of room for me on the beaches of Normandy and in the Battle of the Bulge, but there's no room for me in a Catholic college," wrote one discouraged and disappointed ex-GI to a university president after he had been refused admission because the school was overcrowded.

This bitter letter reflects the attitude

of many former members of the armed services who are unable to find places in U. S. colleges and universities. For five years, the young man lived with the hope that upon his return to civilian life he could acquire an education. This hope had buoyed him up during the long weeks of basic training, sustained him when farewells

*Union City, N. J. May, 1946.

were said to family and friends, furnished an escape from war hardships.

During his service in the Army, he had pored over catalogues, written to registrars. A major topic of conversation was the government-financed education of veterans, under which all expenses are paid, including tuition, books, and supplies, plus \$65 a month for a single man and \$90 a month for one with dependents. Some applicants, handicapped as a result of their war service, are financed under the Veterans Rehabilitation act. Many wounded in action or suffering from malaria or other handicaps incurred in military service are seeking an education.

Colleges started to feel the pressure from former servicemen in registration for the 1945 fall semester. In one way or another, however, they were able to take care of most ex-GI's who applied. A few schools were crowded to capacity. There was a rush for engineering, for instance, and the majority of schools offering training in this field were forced to turn some candidates away. However, most students who failed to enter engineering found a place in the science curriculum of liberal arts colleges or in other suitable courses.

The stampede really began with the registration for the February, 1946, semester. Colleges were unable to cope with the thousands of applicants. Registrars locked their doors. They stopped furnishing application blanks because students could not be accepted even if they qualified. Supplies of bulletins were exhausted. Every classroom seat

was allocated early, and rush orders were issued for construction of barracks and other temporary buildings. A frantic search for teachers began.

That colleges were almost entirely unprepared for the flood of students was not their fault. For five years enrollment in graduate schools, training ground for young teachers, was limited. No able-bodied young layman had been permitted to continue with advance studies under wartime regulations. The armed services or essential industry were the alternatives.

The government allowed little construction work by colleges during the war. Military personnel stationed at colleges merely took the place of students who went into the services.

Finally, because of the paper shortage, no large stocks of textbooks were in the hands of the publishers. The problem of obtaining suitable texts was a major one in many fields. Appeals for secondhand books were broadcast, but returns were inadequate.

The situation in Catholic colleges was especially critical. They had developed rapidly in years before the war; buildings and equipment had failed to keep pace even with this growth. According to statistics compiled by the education department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, there were 184 Catholic colleges and universities in 1936, having 10,778 faculty members, an increase of 87.9% in the number of teachers in ten years. The 1936 student enrollment in those institutions was 128,362, an increase of 62.8% over 1926. These figures in-

clude all students enrolled in all Catholic universities and colleges; extension, correspondence, and special courses; summer schools, as well as liberal-arts colleges, graduate and professional schools. Only 37,446 men were enrolled in regular courses.

Since 1936 there has been an increase in capacity of the Catholic colleges, but it is doubtful if today they can accommodate more than 65,000 undergraduates. Under normal conditions, students from high schools would fill most of those institutions. Eighteen-year-olds were still being conscripted for military service in the spring of 1946, but indications are that this may be discontinued before the 1946 fall semester. Colleges will have to prepare for both the ex-servicemen and the 1946 high-school graduates. In fact, many educators believe the peak of the demand for college education will be seen in the fall of this year.

It is impossible to estimate the number of Catholic men who were in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard and now wish to benefit from the government's offer to finance their education. Taking the usual figure of 13 million in the armed services, we may assume that approximately one-third of this number, or in excess of 4 million, were Catholics. Reports from various educational institutions indicate the number of former servicemen who will seek admission to Catholic colleges and universities will run well into six figures. It can be seen how critical the situation is when it is realized that places are open for fewer

than 65,000, most of which, in normal times, are filled directly by high schools.

Generally, colleges have followed the policy of re-enrolling their former satisfactory students whose education was interrupted by military service. Otherwise, students who are admitted compose a select group. Previous scholastic standing is given primary consideration. The student who wasted his time in high school and made a poor record now has little chance to obtain admission to college. Most schools take into consideration the location of a prospective student's home. They feel a special obligation to provide education for young men living in or near the city in which the college is located. Then, too, a student able to live at home presents no problem in providing quarters in these days of acute housing shortages.

The conditions guarantee colleges an earnest, industrious, and capable student body. Students successful in obtaining a chair in a classroom know that hundreds are waiting for their places if they fail to make good. Highest quality work can be expected. Class discipline is no longer a problem.

Under most favorable conditions, a teacher expects a certain percentage of assignments missed, of lessons left unstudied. These are now at a minimum.

The student who comes to a university from military service is mature. He has acquired knowledge and ability during the time he has been away, and generally is more intent than the student who has just finished high school.



SHOE-SHINE HOTEL



By MARIELI and RITA BENZIGER

Condensed from the *Don Bosco Messenger**

WHEN Americans liberated Rome, 40,000 children roamed the streets. Our soldiers needed quarters; so schools were closed for two years to house our men. Hordes of children began wandering; gangs of ten to 30, each with a leader, robbed American supply trucks. Pickpockets became a menace. No home was safe. Romans became terrorized by children, hungry, starving, and desperate children. Thousands were orphans; thousands, egged on by hungry parents, were forced to bring home loot. Boys of seven to 18 (but few girls) became gangsters. Even today 4,000 to 5,000 boys in Rome alone have neither schools nor shelter.

Monsignor Carroll-Abbing, Irish priest stationed at the English college, had been sent to Naples. He used to hear American officers discuss the appalling problems confronting the Army due to these youthful criminals. When he returned to Vatican City, he reported this to the Holy Father. The Pope sent for his nephew, Prince Charles Pacelli, legal adviser to the Vatican

City State. He went at once to see the Salesian Fathers and priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. They reported themselves ready to do anything to help the thousands of street boys. Monsignor Carroll-Abbing was named president of the Street Boy committee, whose honorary president is Prince Charles.

The sons of Don Bosco were convinced that only lack of home and food forced the children to crime. One young Salesian of the Sacred Heart church, which is just opposite the station, seat of much crime, had watched them beg or steal cigarettes from the Americans. They sold them singly in the black market at fabulous prices. There was no other tobacco in Rome. This Salesian agreed with all the neighboring merchants to corner the local tobacco. He paid high stakes,

crammed his pockets with the cigarettes, and began offering them to the gangs hanging around the station. If the boys would come to the oratory, he would give them cigarettes at cost, and these they could sell with profit.



*New Rochelle, N. Y. May-June, 1946.

Word spread; hundreds flocked to the Salesian quarters. There the boys were fed, could spend the day in useful occupation.

The Shoe-Shines were another big problem. They would throw themselves at anyone and begin polishing his boots. Soldiers flung them money out of pity. Not long ago 3,000 Shoe-Shines were presented by Monsignor Carroll-Abbing to the Pope; 3,000 boys with posters bearing the words *Sacro Cuore* marched to Vatican City. Never had guards or Cardinals seen anything like it. Boys in rags, barefooted, filthy and dirty, others with scrubbed hands and faces but who had had no parents for years—such raided Vatican City. Singing, shouting, they came for an audience with the Pope. What awed the clergy was the solemnity the Holy Father attached to this audience. Attended by papal guards with their colorful uniforms, carried into the hall on his *sedia gestatoria*, he greeted and blessed his children. They shouted themselves hoarse. Cardinals wept unashamed at something Rome had never seen before.

The story of the Shoe-Shines is unending. Monsignor Carroll-Abbing, who speaks for the Holy Father, is organizing with the help of the Salesians a town where 3,000 boys will live, learn trades, have real homes. The same program is being organized in Naples.

The Monsignor took us to the Shoe-Shine hotel. Empty space is scarce, but he finally found a basement. He had the walls painted white and got the

best artist in Rome to decorate the drab quarters. Altogether, the hotel was equipped at a cost of \$900. It has double-decker steel beds, which would thrill the heart of any boy, for 150 guests. The excellent mattresses were made by the boys themselves. The blankets are a gift from the Irish Free State.

In lounge rooms, the boys can listen to the radio or play games. In the classroom, every night university professors teach the boys their ABC's. The night we were there a dozen banjos had been received. A Salesian priest was stringing the instruments and giving the first demonstration to his enthusiastic pupils. There is a well-built infirmary, a kitchen, and a chapel.

Nearly all the boys suffer from kidney trouble due to months of living like animals, huddled together without blankets on the cold marble floor of the bombed station they had been living in. Now the priests have found work for every boy at Shoe-Shine hotel. The American and British embassies have offered the boys jobs. Some drive trucks. Others are learning to type. Four are cooks.

Soon Monsignor Carroll-Abbing expects to start other Shoe-Shine hotels. The American Relief for Italy and the N.C.W.C. War Relief Services have helped. But much more must be done.

Don Antonio Rivolta of the Congregation of St. Paul belongs to a group of fervent priests, laymen, and laywomen organized in 1922 by Cardinal Ferrari for welfare work. Don Rivolta took us to Boys' Village, at San Marinella, outside Rome on the Mediter-

ranean. A married couple are in charge of the home. A priest lives with the boys, shares their dormitory (which has no windows as yet). The boys elect monthly their mayor, judge, and lawyer. They have self-government, their own banking system, co-operative store and farm. Don Rivolta said they hope to keep those lads of seven to nine till they are 14, teach them trades, and make out of them useful, self-respecting youths. When asked who was eligible, he smiled, "The poorest of the poor; the thief makes the best pupil." He pointed out to us a boy of 12 who had stabbed people 36 times; the mayor of the village that month was a nine-year-old whose one ambition had been to become a pickpocket on trams—now he wants to become like Don Rivolta.

Here the boys develop a sense of responsibility, learn Christian values. Churchgoing is not obligatory, but all voluntarily attend Mass and go to Holy Communion. Never anywhere have we seen the grace of God radiating from happy, contented faces as here. Yet conditions are by no means ideal; the bombed-out home lacks everything. Boys' Villages are to be multiplied throughout the country as soon as funds permit and trained men and women can be found to act as the family units around which the villages are built.

At Castelnuovo Don Bosco we visited the new Salesian Institute finished three years ago. A lawyer who had made his fortune in Egypt gave 4 mil-

lion lire to build a trade school for boys. Here we saw our own 15 Pope's Children War Relief orphans. They shook hands with each of us and assured us they were praying for their American benefactors. We then met the 200 other students, and Dominic Capicchioni read a beautiful address, telling us they had no mothers nor fathers, but that we had provided them with new parents and they wished us to know how grateful they were. Radiating joy, they showed us products of their trades; two were shoemakers, two tailors, one was learning bookbinding, three were typesetters, two showed aptitude in drawing and were learning engraving. None was over 14, yet each had the assurance of a youth of 18.

We visited the nuns who help with the household, the Don Bosco nuns. We saw 15 of them in the linen room, seated around a table holding a mountain of socks. The Sisters were trying to darn socks that were beyond repair. Yet there was no new supply, so they unraveled the wool from the worst pairs to re-knit the better ones. There are 200 boys from eight to 19, and 100 young men studying to become lay Brothers. Most have no socks.

Five miles away we saw another school. Poverty stalks there. The students are young men who aspire to the priesthood; 30% of the boys become priests, the others, after finding they have no real vocations, are sent to trade schools. The Father Supervisor showed us a basket of bread, all the food they would have for the day.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Giordani, Igino. *ST. PAUL, APOSTLE AND MARTYR*. N. Y.: Macmillan. 286 pp. \$2.50. St. Paul's life, character, and summary of his thought for the general reader. By a well-known historian of the early Church and its social teachings.

Haggetty, Edward. *GUERRILLA PADRE IN MINDANAO*. N. Y.: Longmans. 257 pp. \$2.75. Throughout the Japanese occupation, this American priest stayed in the Philippines with native resistance units whose homemade warfare was continuously effective. First-hand story of people pressed between outright enemies and doubtful Moros.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN: CENTENARY ESSAYS. Westminster, Md.: Newman Book Shop. 241 pp. \$2.75. An appreciation of the personality and character of Newman the Catholic, man of prayer, social philosopher, and literary man. By a group of modern English writers.

Kravchenko, Victor. *I CHOSE FREEDOM*. N. Y.: Scribner's. 496 pp. \$3.50. Complete, irrefutable answer to Joseph E. Davies' stupid *Mission to Moscow*.

Lebreton, Jules, & Zeiller, Jacques. *THE HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH; Vol. 2: From the Death of St. John to the End of the Second Century*. London: Burns Oates. Pp. 271-491. 18s. Events, thought, literature, and social environment of Christianity in the century following the death of the Apostles. The most authoritative modern account.

Lewis, C. S. *THE GREAT DIVORCE*. N. Y.: Macmillan. 133 pp. \$1.50. Entrance into and continued residence in heaven and hell are chosen personally by the denizens of each. Tale of a fantastic bus ride shows how everyone conditions himself for one or other of the two realms.

Maynard, Theodore. *MYSTIC IN MOTLEY; the Life of St. Philip Neri*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 250 pp. \$2.50. The noisy humor of Philip and his followers was too transparent a screen for his goodness. While other saints of his time used mid-16th-century Rome as headquarters to enliven religion elsewhere, Philip awakened the Romans themselves.

Pattee, Richard. *CATHOLICISM IN LATIN AMERICA. Parts I & II*. Washington, D. C.: NCWC. Two pamphlets. \$.10 each. Role of the Church in forming Latin America; anti-clericalism, persecution, and contemporary work of the Church; the Latin-American vs. the North American attitude on religious affairs.

Vann, Gerald, O.P. *THE DIVINE PITTY; a Study in the Social Implications of the Beatitudes*. N. Y.: Sheed & Ward. 220 pp. \$2.50. The beatitudes, Christ's formula for happiness. How each becomes spontaneous through a gift of the Holy Spirit and is reinforced by the power of a sacrament. Highly recommended for its presentation of a positive, dynamic spirituality.

Vigil, Constancio C. *THE FALLOW LAND. Translated from the Spanish by Lawrence Smith*. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 207 pp., illus. \$2.50. Fourteen editions have established this collection of essays and aphorisms as a South American classic; its English rendering reveals the solid basis of its popularity.

KATHOLIEKE DIGEST

The CATHOLIC DIGEST is now being published in the Dutch language. The first issue appeared in April of this year, with the welcome and acclaim of the people of Holland expressed in writing and over the radio.

American readers might well acclaim Holland; for in that small country a population little larger than that of New York City supports 25 Catholic daily newspapers, two of which (*De Maasbode* in Rotterdam and *De Tijd* in Amsterdam) have morning and evening editions.

Translation and publication of the DIGEST are done in Louvain, whose world-famous university has long been a stronghold of Catholic culture.

U. S. readers may subscribe for themselves or for friends in Holland (\$3 a year) by writing to the St. Paul office. (41 8th St., St. Paul, 2, Minn.)



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Katholieke Digest



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